THE BEE
WASHINGTON

VOL. XXXI NO 28 WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY DECEMBER 10 1910

Booker T. Washi gton

NEGRO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

An Open Letter From Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute—An Appeal for the Negro Child.

To the Editor of The Bee:

Through the medium of your valued newspaper I desire to say a word to the colored people regarding the importance of good public schools. It has been some months since I have had anything to say on this important subject. I wish to repeat that which I have tried to emphasize from time to time, that there are few, if any, subjects which are of more vital and far-reaching importance to the masses of our race in the South at the present time than that of building up a good public school system.

Only a very small per cent of our people can ever go to a large boarding school, or any kind of college, or industrial school, for their education. The masses must depend upon the public schools in their neighborhood for whatever education they get. If the public school is a failure the masses grow up in ignorance, and so I am making this direct appeal to every minister, teacher and business man and woman throughout the South to take a personal and deep interest in the condition of the Negro public schools.

First of all, we should bear in mind that we are American citizens and that we should have our rightful share of the public school fund. Where we are not getting our just share of the public school fund, a direct appeal should be made to the public school authorities for a more just distribution of the public school funds. This kind of appeal should be repeated again and again until we do receive our just share. We should not give up or stand still in cases where the public school authorities are not willing or unable to give more money. It will be no excuse to the future generation of children, if they grow up in ignorance, to tell them that they might have been educated if the public school authorities had done their duty.

In traveling through the South, I have observed that wherever a good public school house is provided, in most cases, the result is that that community will have a good teacher and a school term of respectable length.

I advise, then, that every community set to work to secure either through the public fund or from private gifts in that community a good public school building. In many cases, where people are not able to give money toward the erection of a good school house, they can give the use of their teams to haul lumber, or they can give material, or give without charge so many days' work each week, but in some way, every community that is now without a comfortable school house should set to work to secure one.

In many cases, the school houses in which the children are taught are not fit for pigs to live in. The roofs leak, the floors are full of holes, there is no stove, and in many cases the benches and other furniture are so rude and worthless that it is impossible for teacher and children to stay in such houses without being in continual misery.

A school house is not completed until it has been either painted or whitewashed on the inside and outside; neither is a school house complete until it has been ceiled or plastered on the inside, and every school house should be thoroughly furnished with good seats, a teacher's desk, good blackboards, etc., before it should be considered completed. It is almost as cheap to build a good school house as it is to build a poor one.

If every community will organize and come together, with the direct object of providing a good school house, I am safe in saying I believe that before the present school year passes a large number of communities will have good, first-class school houses. I also advise that an architectural plan be drawn, wherever possible, for these school houses. In many cases, a good deal of money is practically thrown away in the erection of a building, because no plans have been drawn. Aside from the building being almost useless, when a plan is not drawn it does not usually present a good appearance.

I shall hope to hear, as a result of this letter, that a large number of communities throughout the South have erected school houses.

One other thing: My travels through the South convince me that the public schools for our race are often crippled and weakened by reason of the fact that denominational jealousies and rivalry enter into the public school system. It should be understood in every community that the public school must be separated wholly from church influences. In some communities, the public school system is weakened because the Baptist element want a Baptist teacher, the African Methodist element want an African Methodist teacher, and the Zion Methodists want a Zion Methodist teacher. This kind of contention and jealousy is all nonsense and results only in weakening the public schools. In some communities, the people are now trying to support three little weak schools, with three different teachers, representing so many church denominations, when the people in the community should have one good, strong public school, regardless of denomination. In some cases, there are three little public schools lasting only three months in the year, when, if the people were united, they might have one good public school lasting seven or eight months in the year. In public school education there is no Baptist arithmetic, or Methodist arithmetic, or anything of the kind. What the people want are good, sensible, moral, upright, Christian teachers, regardless of the church to which they belong.

There are other matters in connection with the public schools of the South, to which I shall hope to call attention soon through another letter.

(Signed) Booker T. Washington,
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama,
Dec. 5, 1910.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.

Judge DeLacy Invites Young Couples to Sessions—Would Teach Forbearance—Head of Juvenile Tribunal Declares Examples of Domestic Brutality Would Cause Youth and Girl to Understand and Overlook Small Faults of Each Other. "Homes Like Cities."

"A home is like a city, and, like a city, its good government is achieved by experience. Therefore, the young man and the girl who contemplate matrimony should consider wisely the step they are to take before it is taken."

From Judge William A. DeLacy, of the Juvenile Court, came this opinion Sunday afternoon in support of his idea that the unmarried men and women of Washington should visit his court for a month before they wed.

While some of the revelations of the court might shock at first, he believes they would enlarge the ideas of young couples, and in this way would prepare them for a life of mutual forbearance. After hearing of husbands who are continuously intoxicated, Judge DeLacy argued, and of wives whose ideas of home resemble those of an English sparrow, young men and budding women would be willing to accept trifling faults and forget them.

"In the early days of wedded life," continued Judge DeLacy, "both the man and the girl find little faults, the existence of which they did not suspect during the sweet days of the engagement. The wife learns that the husband smokes before breakfast, and the husband learns that his wife cannot cook, or has developed the habit of leaving the solid plane of gastronomy for the uncertain heights of occult science.

Girls Must Be Cooks.

"I believe that a girl who cannot cook bread has not yet attained her education. She should learn. The man who is accustomed to growl when the steak is not to his liking also has much to learn. And these are the lessons that the Juvenile 7—BEE
Court—the realm of things as they might have been—will teach.

"Inexperience has always had a fondness for its own wisdom, and the girl and man who have known nothing of unhappiness cannot understand what the word is. They do not know that over the gloss of all things there is the keen capacity to suffer. Their married life—his and hers—is always the married life that will instruct all the world; will teach what 'the idealism of the home' means.

"I would not for the world disturb the peace of innocence, but I would awaken ignorance and point out the pitfalls that its blindness has mistaken for level places. Let the young man and the girl who are engaged come to the Juvenile Court for a week, as they would to a school, where they will learn a few of the rough but needful lessons of the world.

Where Education Would Help.

"Imagine the young man, hopelessly devoted to a certain girl, beholding the wrecks of happiness that I have seen. A woman, demanding a weekly stipend from her husband, would appear in court, wearing a black eye where he had struck her a week or more before. The young man learns that her husband, like himself, was once devoted. He hears of the little things, the pitiable little things, that soon become so big, breaking the ties of affection, until there is the crash, the separation, and unhappiness.

"Or the girl. Worried about John's cigarette smoking, she visits the court and hears of brutal husbands, of shiftless men whose wives must toil for the children and for themselves. She learns that cigarette smoking is not the greatest evil in the world.

"Don't you think that the education would help? Don't you think that the young man and the girl, learning without experiencing, by the unhappiness of others, would be all the more anxious to avoid what they have seen? I think so."

Dedication of Science Hall.

The dedication of the new Science Hall at Howard University will take place on Dec. 13 at 3:30 p. m. The principal addresses will be given by Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Treaching; Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, President of the American Association of Medical Colleges, and Dr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Institute. The Secretary of the Interior will also take part, and the building will be formally received by Mr. Justice Job Barnard, President of the Board of Trustees. Music will be furnished by the vested choir of 50 voices, and by the University orchestra and the University band. The Science Hall has been in use since the opening of the fall term, and nearly 600 students are now receiving regular instruction in the departments of chemistry, physics and biology, indicating the eager response of the student body to the enlarged facilities for work in the modern sciences now offered in the University.

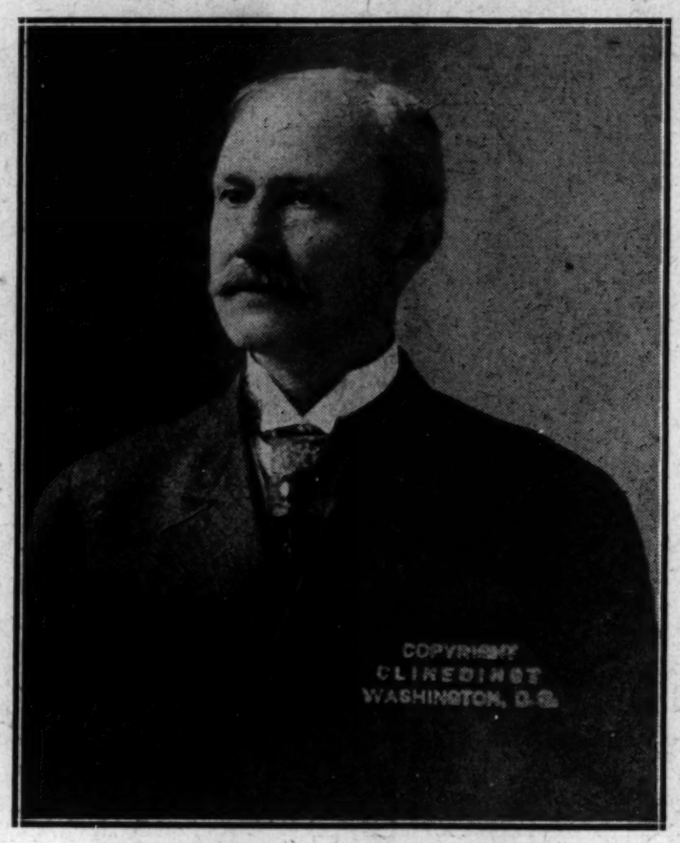
Among recent visitors have been Lord Eustace Percy and Secretary Radford, of the British Embassy, both of whom made addresses.

The November number of the University Record is just from the press and contains the address of Bishop Charles H. Brent, of the Philippines; the formal opening address by Dr. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education; an article on "President Taft and University training for the Negro," and the alumni address of Prof. D. O. E. Holmes. It will be mailed to those interested on application.

The Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, will deliver the address at the annual meeting in the interests of peace and arbitration under the auspices of the Lake Mohonk Conference, on Sunday, Dec. 11.

The University football team, in its series of victories this year over the teams of Lincoln University, Hampton, Shaw and Tuskegee, has again established its championship over the teams of all the colored universities in America.

President Thirkield, during the Thanksgiving recess, delivered addresses before the Philadelphia Ministers' Meeting, the Y. M. C. A. at Atlantic City, and the Cheney Industrial School, near Philadelphia.



HON. RICHARD ACH ILLIES BALLINGER.
Vindicated. Achillies was a Fighter, and Hector Paid the Penalty for His Foolishness. Where is Hector Pinchot?

LARGE AND INTERESTING

Memorial Exercises, Morning Star Lodge, No. 40, I. B. P. O. Elks of the World.

Possibly one of the most brilliant affairs ever held in the city of Washington was the memorial exercises of Morning Star Lodge, No. 40, I. B. P. O. E., at the New Auditorium, Sunday night, Dec. 4, 1910.

The main hall was beautifully decorated and filled to its utmost capacity, several hundred people being turned away.

The exercises were begun promptly at 7:30 p. m. by the sounding of the gavel in the hands of Elk John W. Truman, Exalted Ruler. The program was carried out without a single interruption.

There were over 250 Elks present in full uniform, thus making a very grand display as they marched in the hall to the strains of music from a well-known orchestra. The Lodge has lost five members during the year, and it was in honor of such deceased persons that the exercises were held.

The singing and music were appropriate to the occasion, and were listened to with rapt attention.

It is generally conceded that the exercises were the best of its kind in the history of the Lodge.

Program.

The following is the program:

Master of Ceremonies, Simon H. Booker.

Quartet, J. Edward Williams, leader.

Address, Henry Lincoln Johnson, Recorder of Deeds, D. C.

Address, Rev. J. E. Chapman.

Address, Samuel E. Jones, Past District Deputy.

Eulogy, Attorney L. Melendez King.

Address, Cornelius R. Richardson, Esteemed Leading Knight.

Committee on Arrangements, John W. Truman, Exalted Ruler; Dr. Phil. B. Brooks, Robert H. Johnson, Samuel D. S. Nelsog, Albert B. Rice.

Sent to His Home.

The body of Serafin Natal, who died Nov. 20, 1910, has been sent to his home, Ponce, Porto Rico, for interment.

Friends desiring particulars may call on Mr. Alexander Henson, of the Northwest Undertakers' Company, 645 Florida avenue northwest. 'Phone North 1415.

READ THE BEE.

THE ELKS

COLUMBIA LODGE OF ELKS HONORS ITS DEAD.

Hundreds Turned Away—Howard Theater Crowded—A Representative Audience Present—The Howard Orchestra Does Honor to the Occasion.

The new Howard Theater was taxed to its utmost capacity last Sunday evening. Every available space was occupied, and hundreds were turned away because they could not gain admittance. The theater was brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. At the northeast corner of the stage was arranged on an inclined staff the number of those who had passed away: In 1907, R. D. Griffin, C. D. Whitfield and Joseph Harris; C. S. E. Brooks and Reuben Hill, in 1908; Lewis Reed, Reuben Hill and George Hamilton, in 1909, and Henry Harriston, in 1910.

There were many well-known members of the Order present, including specially-invited guests, seated upon the platform, among whom were A. J. Gaskins, James Jackson, Moses Dade, Henry W. Hunter, Dr. Gates, Judge Robert H. Terrell, John W. Freeman, R. R. Horner, W. Calvin Chase, Dr. James E. Mills, Grand Exalted Ruler, and many others. In the private boxes were the wives, daughters and friends and other invited guests of the members. Among the distinguished citizens in the orchestra were Mr. Charles R. Douglass, A. W. Barton and others. The members of the organization occupied seats in the center of the orchestra, and they were faultlessly dressed in full black Prince Albert suits and black silk hats. They presented the appearance of dignity and neatness. The Howard Orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. Wm. H. Vodery, rendered several excellent selections which electrified the vast audience present. Mr. Charles H. Thomas, the Exalted Ruler and master of ceremonies, was at his best. He presided with dignity and precision. The first speaker was Mr. R. R. Horner, a member of the bar and a member of the Board of Education, who had selected for his subject "The Relation of Fraternal Organizations as It Affects the Race." The address was eloquent and logical. He paid a high compliment to the organization as being represented by a fine body of men. He said among other things, further, that such body as Columbia Lodge of Elks was able to do a great deal of good for the uplift of the race.

Dr. James E. Mills was the next speaker, who delivered the eulogy. It was a masterly effort. At the conclusion of the program Attorney John E. Collins, on part of the management of Howard Theater, stated that he had been directed to say the report that has been circulated to the effect that there is to be discrimination in the seating of colored patrons was untrue; that the house was erected and dedicated to the people irrespective of color, and that the colored people will get any seat in the house they pay for. It was the consensus of opinion that this meeting was the greatest that has ever been held by Columbia Lodge, 85, G. B. P. O. E. of W. The following is the order of exercises:

Overture, Strodella, Howard Orchestra.

Elks March, "Columbia Lodge, No. 85," Vodery, Howard Orchestra.

Hymn, "The Close of Day," Parks, Elks Glee Club.

Invocation, Chaplain.

Opening ceremonies, the Lodge.

Hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," Buck, Elks Glee Club.

Prayer, Chaplain.

Hymn, "Just Beyond," Parks, Elks Glee Club.

Address, "The Relation of Fraternal Organizations as It Affects the Race," R. R. Horner, Esq.

Medley, Popular Airs, Remick, Howard Orchestra.

Solo, "From Every Stormy Wind That Blows," Miss Hattie White.

Eulogy, by Dr. James E. Mills, Grand Exalted Ruler.

Solo, "Dreams of Paradise," Gray, Mr. Jeremiah Scott.

Selection, "Remember Now Thy Creator," Rhodes, Elks Glee Club.

Closing Ceremonies, by the Lodge.

Hymn, "Prodigal Son," Parks, Elks Glee Club.

Overture, "Morning, Noon and Night," Suppe, Howard Orchestra.

Benediction, Chaplain.

March, "The Antler," Lampe, Howard Orchestra.

The Howard Orchestra, Wm. H. Vodery, leader.

The Elks Quartet, Lewis Ambler, Director.

JUSTICE SHEPARD FINDS WALL GIRL RANKS AS NEGRO.

Racial Status That of "Colored Person," Rules District's Highest Tribunal—Cannot Attend White Schools—Case Probably Will Be Taken to United States Supreme Court.

Holding that eight-year-old Isabel Wall, who has one-sixteenth negro blood in her veins, is not entitled to admission to the Brookland Public School, Chief Justice Shepard, of the District Court of Appeals, Monday fixed the racial status for school children within the District of Columbia.

The court virtually held that any child that has any appreciable mixture of negro blood, regardless of the proportion, is a "colored person."

Isabel Wall was refused admittance to the Brookland public school on the ground that she was a negro, it having been asserted she had one-sixteenth negro blood in her veins. This action on the part of the principal was upheld by Superintendent of Schools Stuart, whose opinion in turn was affirmed by the Board of Education by a vote of 8 to 5. Then an application was made by Stephen Wall, an employe of the Government Printing Office and the father of the child, for a writ of mandamus to compel the School Board to admit his daughter to the Brookland school. Justice Wright dismissed the bill, and an appeal was taken.

Justice Wright Affirmed.

The effect of the opinion was to affirm the action of Justice Wright. It is understood that the case will be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States.

In appealing to the upper court the attorneys for the child's parents attacked the act of Congress providing for separate schools for white and colored children. They also argued that if the act is valid the child is not "colored."

"Congress having failed to define the meaning of the word 'colored,'" says the opinion, "the duty was necessarily devolved, in the first instance at least, upon the Board of Education to determine what children are white and what are colored, whenever that question arises in a particular case.

"In the absence of a definition in our own statute we are compelled to ascertain the popular meaning of the word 'colored.' As early as 1820 Mr. Justice Story declared that the word had acquired definite meaning, as mulatto, negro, etc., though it was not necessary in the case before him to express more definitely what the meaning was."

Position of Petitioners.

The petitioners contended that the word "colored" must be given its common or popular significance: "Negro physical characteristic and negro blood must combine in one to render her colored," the petition read.

Regarding this contention, Chief Justice Shepard says:

"It must be remembered that the learned trial Justice had found that there was to be observed of the child physical characteristics, which afforded ocular evidence suggestive of aught save the Caucasian. He declined, however, to accept this delusive test of race, and based his conclusion that the petitioner is 'colored' upon the fact that she has a proportion of negro blood, not more than one-eighth and not less than one-sixteenth."

In ending his opinion Chief Justice Shepard says:

"It is urged that a hardship will be inflicted upon the petitioner, a conclusion at which we have arrived. It may be, however, that greater evils would result from a different one. Be that as it may, our province is to interpret the legislation, not to enact it."

Public School Athletic League.

The principal of the Deanwood School, W. L. Cardozo, announces through the Publicity Committee the following pupils to represent his school in the athletic league of that school. They are: President, Ernest Dodson; Vice President, Chester Johnson; Secretary, Charles Coates; Assistant Secretary, H. E. Shorter; Treasurer, E. H. Lawson, teacher of the fifth grade; J. L. Chestnut, Coach.

The principal of the Banneker School, D. I. Renfro, announces the following officers: President, George Lacy; Vice President, Prentiss Hutchinson; Secretary, Montgomery Shinn; Treasurer, Miss K. R. Martin, teacher of the seventh grade; Assistant Treasurer, Clarence Dickson. Not only are the boys enthusiastic over the formation of a league within their school, but the girls are enthusiastic also. In several schools the girls rendered splendid assistance by helping the boys to secure their athletic suits.

Former Associate Justice William H. Moody, who has been ill at his home here, is said to be improving.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

It is said that 120 census employes will be dropped to-day, as the final count to ascertain the total population of the United States has been made.

A. J. Shaw, of Guthrie, Okla, an election inspector, was arrested at Tulsa, Okla., for refusing to allow colored Americans to vote. The court held that registration before the adoption of the "Grandfather clause" did not give the colored American the right to vote.

There are eight female cooks wanted for the Indian service. They are compelled to pass a civil service examination, so as to show their physical ability, their previous training and experience. Now is a chance for some of our graduates from the Armstrong Manual Training School.

The annual report to the District Commissioners of Maj. Sylvester, Superintendent of Police, should be read by every one. Among other things, it showed a less number of crimes, seven arrests for murder during the past year, and generally the District is said to be showing diminution of various crimes, of which the Police Department feels very much encouraged.

Miss Helen Taft, the President's daughter, unveiled the bronze statue of Maj. Gen. Von Steuben, Inspector General of the American Revolutionary War, last Wednesday. Among the distinguished speakers were President Taft and the German Ambassador.

Four new desks have been ordered for the United States Senate. They will be situated on the Democratic side, without regard to the political character of the occupants, who will be Senators from Arizona and New Mexico.

The Treasury Department has sent word that it will receive bids for 100,000 ounces of silver from the Denver Mint. It will be used for coining dimes exclusively, and will make, it is stated, about $50,000 worth of them.

The Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis has been active in its fall work, and a winter of activity is planned, especially along educational lines. Every fourth and eighth grades in both colored and white schools will be visited and taught how to keep from contracting the disease.

According to the 16th annual report of the Southern Railway, in the past year 55,000 tons of wines, liquors and beers were transported into the Southern States, despite the wave of prohibition supposed to be sweeping over the Southland.

Rev. Dr. Charles Alexander Richmond, President of Union College, at an address at the dedication of the Thomas R. Proctor Library at Richfield Springs, said: "The educators of the country are going mad over the subject of trade schools and technical training. In my judgment, the emphasis upon industrial training is already too strong."

Alason A. Sumner, a Director in the Standard Oil Company, well known in business circles in New York, died last week.

The State of Massachusetts will erect a monument to its soldiers who fell in the battles about Petersburg, Va., and there has been selected a site for a handsome memorial on the Crater battlefield, a few miles from Petersburg, Va.

Miss Mary a Holbrook, many years a missionary for the American Board in China and Japan, died at her home in New Haven, Conn., last week.

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission for France has made its awards for acts of heroism performed during the past year. Eighteen persons, the majority of whom are widows or orphans of those who sacrificed their lives for others, received sums ranging from $20 to $600.

One of the most historic army posts of the Southwest, Fort Davis, which was the scene of many desperate struggles with the Apaches and other warring Indian tribes, will pass out of the government possession and be sold at public auction in a few days.

The Civic Betterment Association has adopted resolutions congratulating Commissioner Rudolph "for having introduced modern business principles into the administration of the affairs in his Department."

Within the past five years the Negroes of Macon County, Ala., have raised $20,000 toward building a school house and extending school terms.

Moses Webb, a colored American, who is said to be the last survivor who led the horses attached to the hearse at the funeral of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield in 1865, died at Aurora, Ill., last week at the age of 85 years.

H. O. Blaisdell, the world's champion typist, established a new world's 10-minute record. He wrote 1,144 words in that time and made only 11 errors.

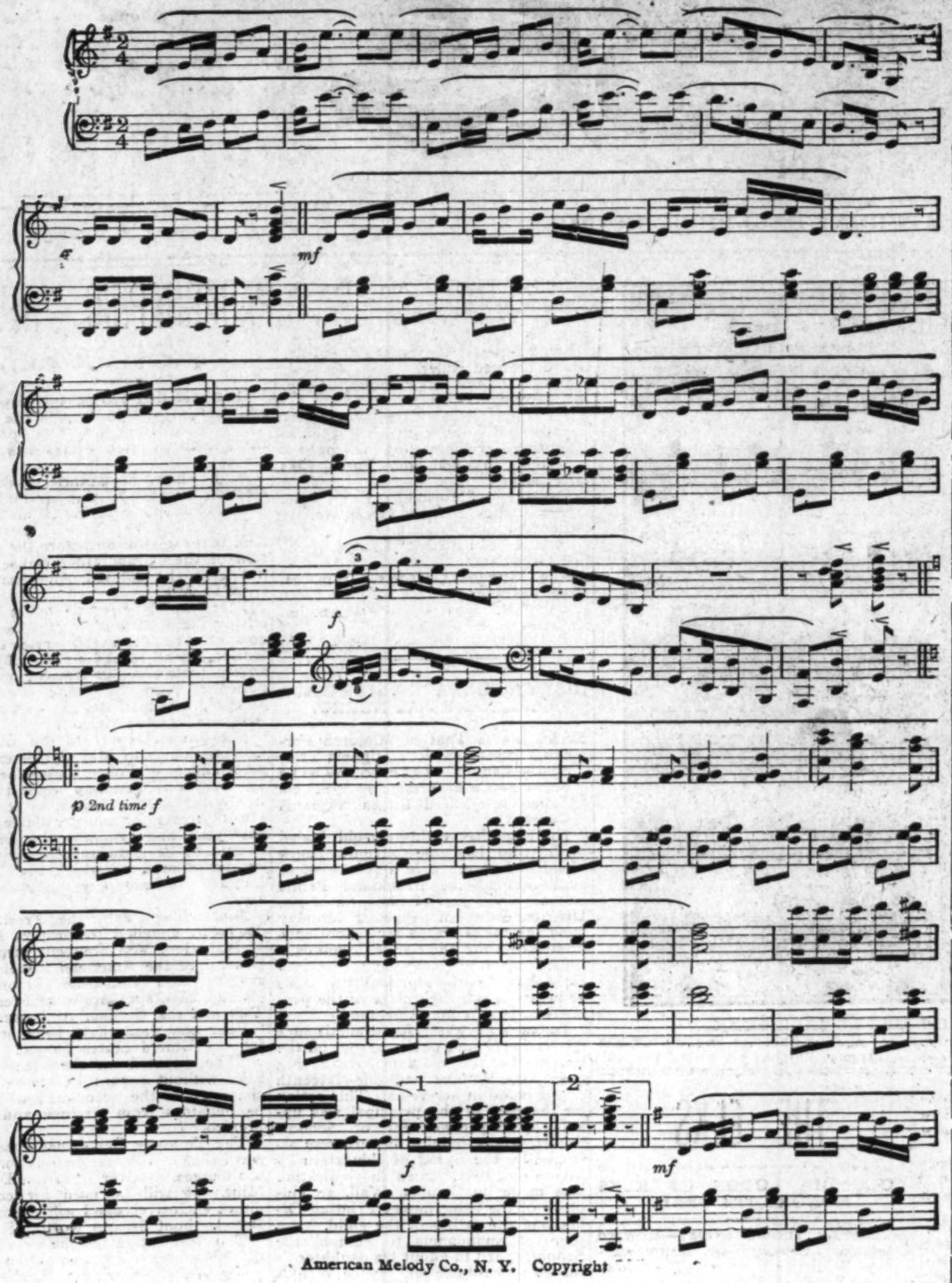
It is announced that Dr. M. A. Barber, Professor of Bacteriology at the University of Kansas, will go to the Philippines at the close of the present school term to spend two years in medical research.

Separate schools are to be agitated in Chicago. Oh, if Ethiopians could change their skin!

James K. Polk Taylor, an ex-slave, 71 years old, and his wife have given 480 acres at Calhan, 40 miles east of Colorado Springs, as a site for a National tuberculosis sanitarium for Negroes of the United States.

Dr. Ernest Lyon, who returned to this country a few weeks ago from Liberia, where he has been American Minister for the past seven years, refilled his old pulpit last Sunday in Baltimore, Md.

SAMBO'S HONEYMOON.

TWO-STEP AND CAKE WALK. F. A. Franklin.

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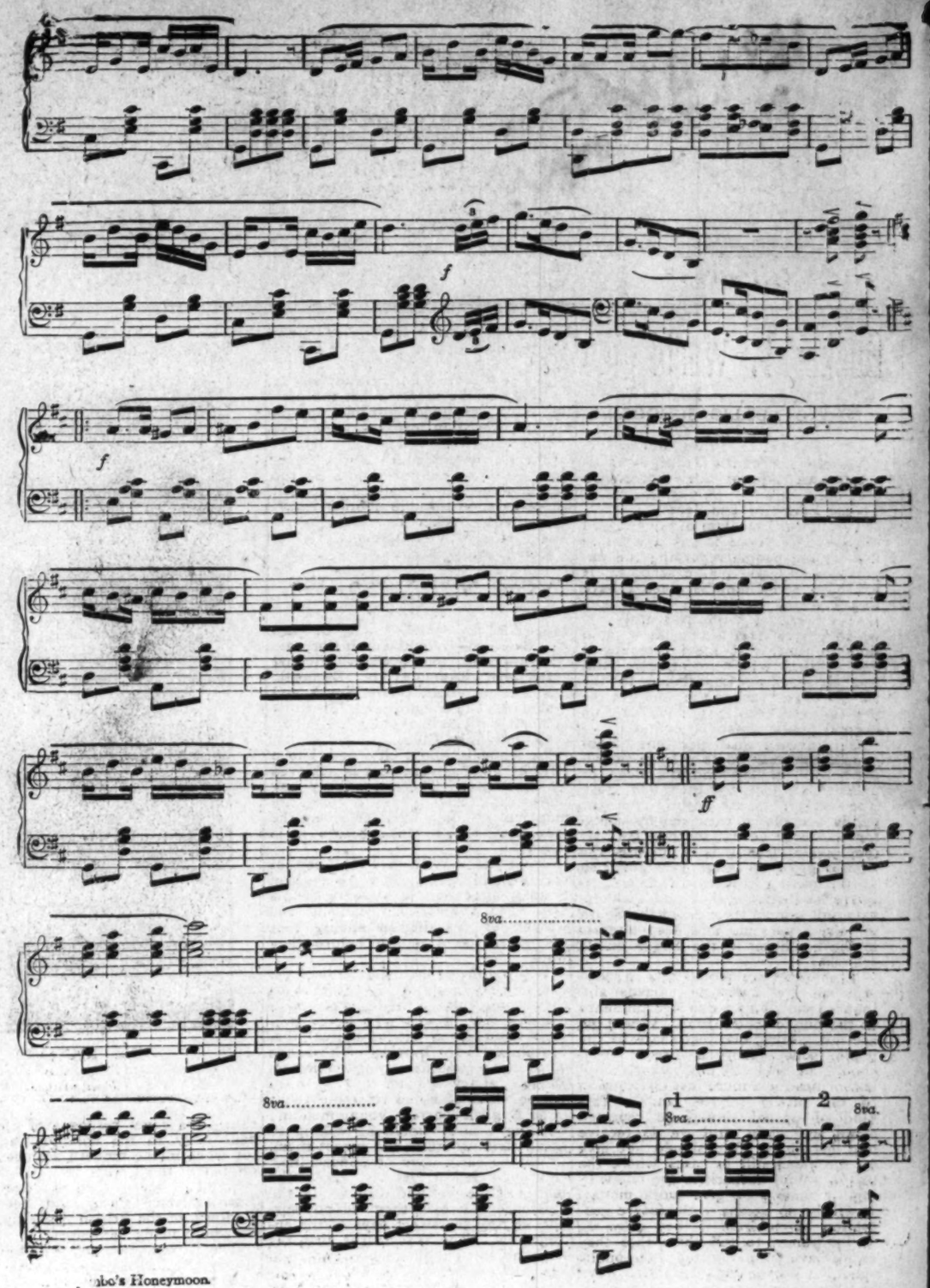
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When you seek economy, ask your merchant to show you this $15 Suit. Compare it with one that costs $25, and see wherein lies the difference. It does not lie in the wearing qualities, surely not in the style and fit. The great difference is one of price, caused by more than one reason—made in the largest factories of their kind in the world.

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THE W. B. Reduso Corset brings well-developed figures into graceful, slender lines. It reduces the hips and abdomen from one to five inches.

Simple in construction, the Reduso—unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.

Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.

Style 770 (*as pictured*) medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price **$3.00.**

Other REDUSO models **$3.00** per pair upwards to **$10.00.**

W. B. Nuform and **Erect Form** Corsets—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, **$1.00** upwards to **$5.00** per pair.

Sold at all stores, everywhere.

WEINGARTEN BROS., *Makers*, 34th St. at Broadway, New York

"Mamma," said five-year-old Edgar one evening, "haven't I been an awful good boy today?"

"Yes, Edgar," she replied, "and I'm very proud of you."

"Well," continued the little fellow, "I can go to bed without saying my prayers, can't I?"

Patsy—C'nducthor, plaze turn this seat over.

Conductor—What for?

Patsy—Didn't yez say th' car was goin' east?

Conductor—Yes.

Patsy—Well, I want to go to th' west side.—Cleveland Leader.

Business Man—Here's a shilling for you to go to the concert.

Office Boy—Thankee, sir. Anything I can do for you?

Business Man—Yes; I wish you would learn to whistle a new song for the office. I am a little tired of the old ones.—London Telegraph.

"John, dear, I am afraid the baby is left handed. In grasping his nursing bottle he almost always does it with his left hand."

"Hurrah! He may make us famous some day by being the leading south paw twirler in one of the major leagues."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Attorney—You can sue him for breach of promise, madam, but it seems to me that it's preposterous to claim $250,000 damages.

Fair Client—I want to get so heavy a judgment against him that he'll just have to marry me—the scoundrel!—Chicago Tribune.

Housekeeper—You're a big, healthy man. Why don't you work?

Tramp—Lady, I'll tell ye me trouble. I'm an unhappy medium.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, ye see, lady, I'm too heavy for light work an' too light for heavy work."—London Mail.

Little Helen—Sister, that new beau of yours makes me tired.

Elder Sister—Why, dear?

Little Helen—He has the manners of a street car conductor. When I went into the parlor last night he said to me, "How old are you, little girl?"—Chicago News.

"Yes, sir, I once lost over $80,000 in less than two weeks."

"Whew! That was going some. How did you do it?"

"By not buying about 10,000 shares of a certain stock that went up $8 a share without a single setback."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Annie, where's papa?"

"He's upstairs, asleep."

"Were you upstairs, dear?"

"No, ma."

"Then how do you know that he is asleep?"

[redacted]

[illegible] going it. He's sleeping out loud."

"What makes you look so blue?"

"Mabel has sent me back my ring."

"Has she? What's the matter?"

"We've—we've had a quarrel."

"But what about?"

"Why, I hesitated when she asked if I was sure I'd have loved her just the same if we'd never met."

He—Do you approve of dancing?

She—No.

He—Why not?

She—Why, it's nothing more than hugging set to music.

He—Well, what is there about that you don't like?

She—The music.—Princeton Tiger.

"Are you going to settle anything on your charming daughter?" asked the young gentleman with the cigarette and languid air.

"Well, it rather looks, if she marries you, that she is going to settle something on me," replied the astute parent.—Exchange.

There is a bright future before the small boy who, when asked why he had not gone to school on the previous day, replied that he had read in books that great and successful men usually started life without educational advantages and that he was giving the thing a trial.

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John Hays Hammond, Jr., son o the noted mining engineer, has mad some important discoveries, prevent ing interference in wireless waves. Hi patents, it is said, have been thorough ly tested.

Ex-Gov. Guild, of Massachusetts, i an address to the school children o Boston, said: "Israel Putman create the flag, and not Betsy Ross. Sh only suggested that the stars be five pointed instead of six-pointed."

William Durst, of Philadelphia, 7 years of age and one of the two liv ing members of the crew of the iron clad Monitor, has received the meda awarded him by the last Congress.

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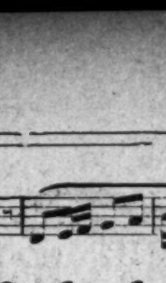

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FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycle. It is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to **rider agents.**

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $2.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.*

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The regular retail price of these tires is $8.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order $4.55).

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NAILS, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

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IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it **NOW.**

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GOT HIM CHEAP.

The Way Sir Morel Mackenzie, the Famous Surgeon, Was Once Cleverly Tricked.

Sir Morel Mackenzie once received a wire from Antwerp asking him his charges for a certain operation. He replied £500 and was told to come at once. When he stepped upon the dock he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him sadly that he had come too late, the patient had died.

"But," said the spokesman of the party, "we shall pay you your full fee." And they did. "And now," said the man, "since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefiting by such science as yours."

Sir Morel said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed many operations, among which were two of a similar nature to that for which he had been called for. When he had finished all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend, who had a business house in Antwerp.

"Pretty scurvy trick they played on you, Sir Morel."

"What do you mean?" asked the surgeon.

"Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Lies. You operated on him and a friend with the same trouble at the clinic. Got two operations for one price."

HE WAS EXCITED.

And Yet He Was Making Only a Very Reasonable Request.

It was a dramatic scene, pregnant with the most tragic possibilities. Thus thought a witness to the meeting of three Italians near the big express depot at Fifteenth and Market streets. A man and woman who were delivering a trunk into the hands of a clerk were suddenly confronted by another man, who was highly excited. He approached the woman. In voluble Italian he raved and swore and pleaded, while she shrilled equally excited answers. The other man stood back against the wall, his arms folded defiantly, his head sunk on his chest. It certainly looked as if daggers were to be drawn. The interested bystander asked of some listeners who understood the rapidly spluttered dialect what the trouble was all about.

"Why," was the volunteered translation, "this woman has run away from her husband with this man," pointing to the sulky individual.

"Oh, and he is begging her to return?" was the next query.

"Not on your life," was the expressive reply. "She has packed up all her husband's clothes in her trunk, as well as her own, and he is begging her to give back at least his Sunday suit."—Philadelphia Record.

Baked Men.

Workers in porcelain factories are literally baked, but by some miracle of use and wont they remain sufficiently underdone to live. At least if they are not quite baked they endure a stronger heat than that which browns the Sunday sirloin. The furnaces wherein porcelain is finished are kept at the fiercest heat used in any industry. A chain of workmen, their heads and bodies swathed in fireproof garments, take the finished pieces from the fire one at a time and pass them to the cooling room. The man at the head of this chain—he who stands nearest the furnace—can work in only five minute shifts. In his interims of rest he lies on a mattress drinking glass after glass of ice water from the hands of a small boy. At lunchtime all about the chain of men steaks grill.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just Tolerable.

Concerning a certain time serving Washington clergyman of whom a visitor was one day expressing a harsh estimate President Lincoln said:

I think you are rather hard on Mr. ——. He reminds me of a man in Illinois who was arrested for passing a counterfeit bill. He admitted that he had taken it to a bank cashier to know if it was a good bill. "Well, what was the reply of the cashier?" asked his lawyer. "Why," evasively answered the prisoner, "he said it was a pretty tolerable, respectable sort of a bill."

Mr. Lincoln thought the clergyman "a pretty tolerable, respectable sort of a clergyman."

At Close Range.

"Who is that neglected looking little boy with dirt over his face?"

"He is the child of the noted astronomer who lives over the way."

"Oh, is he? Come here, sonny. Run home and tell your father he doesn't need his telescope if he wants to see spots on the son."—Baltimore American.

His Trouble.

Friend—Don't worry because your sweetheart has turned you down since you lost your money. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Jilted One—Yes, but I've lost my bait.—Harper's Bazar.

Ripe Old Age.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a ripe old age? Pa—It's the age, my son, at which a man is willing to admit that he's not the only dried apple in the pantry.—Chicago News.

The Doctor's Orders.

Mrs. O'Harrigan—Phoy have ye stuck this empty flask under th' baby? Mrs. Carey—Th' doctor's ordthers. He told me Ol'd have to keep th' baby on a bottle!—Judge.

Not to outshine, but to shine upon, his neighbors is the successful man's mission.—Towne.

LATHAM'S HOME RUN.

And How It Figured In Having Him Dubbed "the Dude," as Told by Charley Comiskey.

Charley Comiskey told the story of how Arlie Latham came to be called "the dude."

"One spring during Latham's term of service with the good old St. Louis Browns," said Comiskey, "he jumped into the opening game of the season and won us a victory by knocking out a home run in the last inning. Chris von der Ahe from his place in the grand stand saw Arlie make his sensational hit and naturally enthused. After the game 'der boss president' entered the clubhouse and in that peculiar dialect of his said to Latham:

"'Arlie, my poy, you must be glad that I, Chris, vas proud mit you, an' I vill show you vat my feelings is by giving you the present of somedings for you to wear on yourself. Take dis order on mine own tailor an' go an' dress up yourself.'

"Chris' order on the tailor read something like this:

"'Give to Arlie der t'ings vat he buys, an' send to me der bill.'

"Latham didn't do a thing on the strength of that order but replenish his wardrobe. For three days in succession he showed up at the ball park in a fine makeup, and every suit of clothes was brand new. On the fourth day Chris got a bill from the clothing people for $100. Naturally he sent for Latham and demanded an explanation.

"'Why, Chris, old pal,' said 'Lath,' 'there's nothing to explain. Didn't you agree in that order you gave me to pay for what I bought, and haven't I just begun to buy? Why, old pal, I have only got three suits and expect to be measured for another this afternoon. What's wrong?'

"'Arlie,' replied Von der Ahe, 'you vas de one infernal dude in de pizness, I vill dis bill pay, but you vill yourself go to der tailor an' mit him explain vot I dink of der impudence of you yourself. You vill also stop mit de clothes you now have on an' do no more mit such foolishness mit der man vot pays your salary. Arlie, you vas one dude, an' if you play mit any errors dis afternoon I vill myself fine you all der bootiful clothes you have yourself bought.'

"From that day Latham became known to the baseball world as 'the dude.'"

A Curious Structure.

On the road from Clifton downs to Avonmouth the traveler will pass, in the Avon gorge, a curious structure to which a singular tradition is attached, relates the London Tatler. The story is that a person named Cook about a century ago was told by a gypsy in the Leigh woods that his only son would be killed by a serpent before he reached the age of twenty-one. To avert this he built a high tower and shut his son in the topmost room with the intention of secluding him there until the fatal age was passed. However, by accident a viper was taken up in a fagot to the room to light the fire, and it crept from the fagot and bit the boy so that he died. Therefore the tower was called Cook's Folly, and that is its name to this day, whatever is the true explanation.

An Ignoble Use.

Washington Irving in "Crayon Papers" says: "I was once at an evening entertainment given by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House to William IV. The duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, Napoleon, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the grand staircase stood the colossal statue of the emperor by Canova. It was of marble in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of Victory. Over this arm the ladies in tripping upstairs to the ball had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, etc.

The Elder That Swore.

An elder of the kirk, having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form, not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go who play marbles on Sabbath day?"

"Ay," said the boy. "They gang doun to the field by the water belaw the brig."

"No," roared out the elder; "they go to hell and are burned."

The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa', Jeanie. Here's a man swearing awfully."—"Reminiscences of Dean Ramsay."

Hats as Aids to Matrimony.

"The wise woman is as careful about the choice of a hat as she is about the choice of a husband." The celebrated author who uttered this dictum may have exaggerated a little, but not much. And allow me, a woman, to tell you solemn men whom I see sneering at the "frivolity" of my sex that often the cleverest among you chooses a wife for no better reason than that the woman thus selected has herself chosen a becoming hat!—Mme. C. De Broutelles in Grand Magazine.

Seeking Relief.

Darky (boarding a train)—I heard 'bout youh wife dyin', Jim. Whar yo' gwine now?

"I's off to join de Mormons. Hit keeps one woman hustlin' too much to support a heavy eatah lak me."—Life.

To speak or write Nature did not peremptorily order thee; but to work, she did.—Carlyle.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

One of the Most Notable Scenes In the History of the War—The Parting of Comrades.

Men who saw the defeated general when he came forth from the chamber where he had signed the articles of capitulation say that he paused a moment as his eyes rested once more on the Virginia hills, smote his hands together as though in some excess of inward agony, then mounted his gray horse, Traveler, and rode calmly away.

If that was the very Gethsemane of his trials, yet he must have had then one moment of supreme, if chastened, joy. As he rode quietly down the lane leading from the scene of capitulation he passed into view of his men—of such as remained of them. The news of the surrender had got abroad, and they were waiting, grief stricken and dejected, upon the hillsides when they caught sight of their old commander on the gray horse. Then occurred one of the most notable scenes in the history of the war. In an instant they were about him, bareheaded, with tear wet faces, thronging him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping, cheering him amid their tears, shouting his name to the very skies. He said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."—From "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner."

ERROR MEANT DEATH.

Typesetters and Proofreaders on Chinese Paper Careful.

China, with all its vast population, boasts not quite two dozen daily papers, but among them are the two oldest papers in the world. The Kin Pan used to be considered by Europeans the oldest paper, but it has been issued a mere thousand years. The Tsing Pao, or Pekin News, was first published 560 years before the Norman conquest and has been issued without intermission for nearly 1,400 years. The Tsing Pao has the appearance of a yellow backed magazine of twenty-four octavo pages, each page containing seven columns, consisting of seven "characters."

Two editions are published—an edition de luxe for the court and the upper classes at a cost of 24 cents a month, and an edition inferior in paper and printing, costing 16 cents a month. It has a circulation of about 10,000 and is really the principal paper of China, chronicling the movements of the emperor and of the court and printing the ministerial reports. It is probably the most exact newspaper in the world. The punishment for an error in printing was until recently, at least, instant death.—New York Times.

Old London Cookshops.

Mediaeval London, besides being a "city of taverns," was famous for its cookshops, such as the place on the river bank described by Fitzstephen in the thirteenth century: "There every day ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried or sodden, fish both small and great, venison and fowl. If friends come upon a sudden wearied with travel to a citizen's house and they be loath to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat let the servant run to the water side, where all things that can be desired are at hand." This particular place of public cookery apparently did an indoor as well as an outdoor trade, for Fitzstephen further described it as being used both day and night by "multitudes of soldiers or other strangers who refresh themselves to their content on roast goose, the fowl of Africa and the rare gadwit of Ionia." But what were the two last mentioned viands?—London Chronicle.

Sickroom Mirrors.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, sighed and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant has bucked up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror wisely handled is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

His Usual Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all of the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."—Argonaut.

Improved.

"How do you like your alarm clock?" asked the jeweler.

"First rate."

"You didn't seem pleased with it at first."

"No, but it's broken now."—Tit-Bits.

Warm.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—Bohemian.

Crushed Again.

Mrs. Denham—Do you think that I shall be a good looking old woman? Denham—I don't know why you should expect any such radical change.—New York Press.

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CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

At Times It Holds Water Enough to Float Boats, but Usually They Are Dragged Over Mud Banks.

Of some of the crude and outgrown methods used on China's Grand canal a writer in the North China Daily News remarks: "The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundreds of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the lock of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some eighty vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and for transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

"For this reason a Chinese lock on the Grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

"After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—a by no means unlikely occurrence—there is nothing to do but to wait until more comes from somewhere."

Take one quart of dough from the bread in the early morning, break three eggs, separating whites from yolks, whip both to a light froth, mix into the dough and gradually add lukewarm water till the consistency of griddle cakes. Beat well and let rise till breakfast time, then have the griddle hot and well greased, pour on the batter in small cakes and bake brown

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating $3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes — these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over thre milions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY— RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintly, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufacturers nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1,) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp.

Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only $2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

Richardson's Pure Drug Store

316 4½ Street, S. W.

Just received a large assign ment of fresh drugs and a large collection of very fine toilet prep arations, Easter goods, and many useful articles, just the thing you desire for Easter offering.

Richardson's Old Reliable Pure Drug Store,
316 4½ Street, S. W.
and 14th and R Streets, N. W.

The commission in charge of the Illinois Hall of Fame, at Champaign, has decided that the late Philip D. Armour is entitled to recognition, owing to his services in promoting the livestock industry in the United States.

Cardinal Logue, the prelate of Ireland, who is in Durham, N. C., to attend the consecration service of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said: "The colored people should have been educated first, then gradually emancipated. It was a mistake to set them free, untutored and helpless.

There are many colored families who are living in crowded houses on small plots of land in towns or cities who want real freedom and real opportunity for themselves and for their children. It is very difficult to rear children in a crowded town or city. The place to rear children is in the country.

In Macon County, Alabama, the colored people have a rare and exceptional opportunity. This is the county in which The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is located. There is plenty of good land for sale on easy terms. There is a good schoolhouse, and the school term lasting from seven to eight months in every part of the county. The white people in Macon County are of the very best class. There is no disorder or racial trouble. We advise colored people who are now living in crowded towns or cities, in the North or in the South, and especially those who have children to raise to come to Macon County and buy a home where they can get plenty of land to cultivate and rear their families in the county free from the temptations of the cities and towns.

For further information write or see:

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THE COLORED VOTE.

It is reported that a conference of colored officeholders and applicants for office under the present Administration were called to meet in this city for the purpose of influencing the colored vote to return to its old mooring and discuss other questions of importance pertaining to the welfare of colored Americans. The conference is to be composed of the so-called self-constituted representatives of the colored race. Just what influence this colored conference will have on the colored voters of the country The Bee is at a loss to know.

Speaking of colored conferences, there was only one held in this country that ever had any effect upon an Administration. The officeholders, under the leadership of James Young, of Tennessee, and Hon. J. C. Napier, Register of the Treasury elect, fought bitterly the election of the late Frederick Douglass for the permanent chairmanship. It was the wirey and eloquent speech of Young and the political tactics of Napier that came very near defeating Mr. Douglass. A. M. Green, formerly of this city, but who moved to Louisiana, was another of Mr. Douglass's opposers, and denounced him bitterly. About some of the shrewdest Washington politicians accompanied Mr. Douglass to Louisville, Ky. In this delegation was the late T. Morris Chester, parliamentarian. The speeches of the Tennessee and Lousiana delegations were so effective until the friends of Mr. Douglass suggested that he be escorted in the convention hall. Before then he was kept in the background. The appearance of the massive form of Frederick Douglass entering the hall, with Rev. R. S. Laws and T. Morris Chester at either side of the sage of Anacostia, sent the opposition flying. The cheers were deafening, and the applause continued fully ten minutes. A vote was taken, and the forces of the Arthur Administration were ignominiously defeated. The sage of Anacostia assumed the chair and showed that he was master of the situation. This was a contest to the strength of the Douglass and Administration forces. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Douglass was the United States Marshal, he delivered a speech that demonstrated his manhood and gave the Arthur Administration to understand, although he held office, he was no traitor to his race. What has become of negro leadership to-day? What influence has the present leadership upon the colored vote? There is not an officeholder under this Administration that will dare to express his real convictions. With but a few exceptions this present leadership is too cowardly and sycophantic. Mr. Taft ought to be told that the real workers among the colored politicians of the country are being ignored, and he will not find out his mistake until it is too late. We have representative colored men in this city, and not one, as yet, has been appointed. Our local government doesn't mean to recognize the colored man. We have been informed that one of the judges of the Police Court declared that he would not appoint a colored man one of the recent probation officers. If such conditions exist among the judiciary of this city, what is the colored voter to expect elsewhere? The Editor of The Bee is stating what one of the judges stated—that he was willing to appoint a colored probation officer, but the others declared that he would not appoint a negro. President Taft has it in his power now to change his Southern policy. If he wants his party to win in 1912, the colored vote must be satisfied.

RACE UNITY.

If the colored citizens in this city would study race unity their condition would be a great deal better. To be successful in bringing about race unity, what shall be suggested? In the medical profession the colored physician seems to be more in union in the conduct of his profession. The colored attorney seems to be divided. It is not because he doesn't receive a fair deal at the bar. Nowhere in the country is the colored attorney treated any better than he is in this city. He receives the same consideration and respect that the white attorney receives, and yet he is more divided. There is so much petty jealousy among the colored attorneys. In business the colored Americans in this city, except the druggists, are not as successful. The cause is a lack of race unity and respect for one another. The colored Americans farther south seem to be successful in business, notwithstanding the alleged race discrimination and prejudice. Why is it? The Northern and Eastern colored Americans have about opened their eyes and realized the importance of race unity and race pride. In the State of Maryland, the city of Baltimore in particular, the colored Americans are doing well. They fight to maintain their civil and political rights. They don't hesitate to spend their money for a just cause or whenever their civil or political rights are involved.

White saloons among all classes are regarded as business ventures. The colored men in such business, with a few exceptions, fail to realize the importance of connecting themselves with the association that protects their business. Many of them leave their interests to the white men. It matters not what business a person may be conducting, he should join in with those in a similar business to protect himself. There has been an effort to conduct a Negro Business League in this city, but without success. Just think of it. In this city, a populaiton of from eighty to ninety thousand colored people, and no business organization. The colored man in politics is a failure, but in business he should be a success; and unless there is more race unity he will be a miserable failure.

JUDGE DE LACY.

The Bee is glad that Judge Wm. H. De Lacy, of the Juvenile Court, has extended an invitation to the young married and unmarried people to visit the court. There is, indeed, a lesson to be taught. If the young, unmarried women would take the trouble to visit the court they would think twice before they got married to many of these worthless men, who, like wolves, seek every opportunity to marry these young and innocent females. Judge De Lacy has a vexed problem before him daily; and that is, what is best to do with so many worthless young husbands who are brought into the Juvenile Court because they refuse to support their wives and children. It is a sad sight to witness the young wife, with one and two babies in her arms, testify against her worthless husband. The Juvenile Court is a kind of reformatory as well as a collecting agency for the helpless young wife. The woman who to-day has in view of marrying had better consider wisely before she consents to tie herself to a man for life. The girl who has a good home, kind parents, or a position, had better remain in her present state before she gives up a certainty for an uncertainty. It is also a sad spectacle to witness so many of our young girls without employment. See the temptations she has to encounter. She is confronted by two evils, to wit: A worthless man and immoral persuasions. What is she to do, if she is a weak mortal. If the father is careless in the rearing of his female children, and refuses to provide for them, what are they to do? Should the girl be blamed if she should happen to a misfortune? No one knows what the female has to encounter; no one knows the temptations. Let us reflect.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President, in his annual message to Congress, saw fit to recommend the transfer of the public schools to the control of the District Commissioners. This, of course, means that Major Judson, the Engineer Commissioner, would be able to carry out his pet scheme in reducing the teachers in the colored public schools. The Bee has no fault to find with the control of the public schools under the supervision of the Judges of the Supreme Court. The only fault with the colored schools is that they need a colored assistant superintendent who has the welfare of the schools and the people at heart. The Editor of The Bee is satisfied that the hands of Major Judson jotted those lines on the school question. Mr. President, the people will never tolerate their schools being under the supervision of the District Commissioners—Major Judson especially. He in particular is against the Board of Education, which is giving entire satisfaction. If Major Judson has as much interest in the colored people as he would have The Bee to believe, let him appoint a few colored men in his office, or promote at least one colored man who has been acting in the capacity of a clerk for a number of years in the water register's office. If he manifests the same interest in the colored teachers as he does the colored employees of his office, Mr. President, for God's sake, deliver us from the District Commissioners—Major Judson especially.

BUSINESS HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. R. R. Horner, Attorney-at-Law and member of the Board of Education, is booked to address the Bethany Literary Society next Tuesday evening on "The Necessity of a Business High School." Mr. Horner is right. We need a Business High School, not such a sham as was suggested by the Assistant Superintendent of Schools. In speaking of the sham, The Bee will digress for a moment. The Armstrong Normal Training School gives the male and female students all the trades they want. The idea of attempting to hoodwink the people into the belief that it is necessary to establish a new trade school. The Bee is surprised to see that Superintendent Stuart allowed himself to be hoodwinked into such a flimsy proposition as was suggested by the colored Assistant Superintendent of Schools. What the colored people want is a Business High School and new assistant colored superintendent of schools or the office abolished and placed in charge of Mr. Stuart. Everybody should go and hear Mr. Horner next Tuesday night. He should be supported in this worthy undertaking.

OLD AGE.

After years of toil, and life is about to leave us, old age is confronted with a young upstart who comes upon the stage of action and attempts to push aside the old veteran who has been brave in the cause to advance civilization. The young man is given power. He sees nothing good in the old veteran. He declares that the old veteran has outlived his usefulness. His place must be filled by a more vigorous young intellectual giant, so to speak. The old veteran, who has given his entire life to educate the young, is told to get out. Ought not the more level-headed step in and protect the invalid? Why should the young upstart presume that he will never get old? Why should he think that he has a life mortgage on youth? How many veterans the government service to-day have been booked for dismissal, and many have been dismissed. After having given his or her entire life to the government, ought not Congress be charitable enough to establish a civil pension roll? We should be considerate before we go too far.

MR. STUART REAPPOINTED.

The Bee congratulates the Board of Education for the reappointment of Superintendent Stuart. He is a good official and popular with the teachers. Now, Mr. Stuart, don't assume the responsibility of reappointing Mr. R. C. Bruce to the colored schools. His usefulness as a superintendent is at an end. If he should be reappointed, the opposition to him will be carried to Congress; and while the people don't want the Commissioners to control their schools, they will be forced to ask Congress to transfer the control of the schools to them, which will relieve the people of their burden. Will Dr. Washington explain why Bruce left Tuskegee?

DR. JAMES E. SHEPARD.

There is one man in this country who is an honor to the race. The Bee, without any hesitancy, will say that North Carolina can boast of Dr. James E. Shepard and his work. His school, when it is complete, will be an evelasting monument to the State. He passed through the city this week en route to New York, where he will speak in the interest of his work. Next month The Bee will give an illustrated review of his many buildings and the work that he is doing for the colored Americans south.

VINDICATED.

Secretary Ballinger, as The Bee said in the very beginning, would be vindicated of the scurrilous charges that were made against him. There is not a more efficient officer under this Government than Secretary Ballinger. There was nothing in the entire evidence that would cast the slightest suspicion upon the administration of Mr. Ballinger. The committee that made its report deserves the plaudits of the country, and the distinguished Secretary is to be congratulated.

The people don't want their schools under the supervision of the Commissioners.

President Taft, The Bee would advise you to let well enough alone.

The colored American race is in need of a strong leadership.

It looks as if the Repulican party is hopelessly divided.

Why are the Regulars and the Insurgent Republicans like the tongues at the Tower of Babel? Because there is a lack of harmony in their tongues and actions.

Dr. Waldren, Bishop Waters, Dr. Caruthers and others declare that the Democratic party intends to give the colored American a square deal. The Bee wonders if Heflin has been consulted.

The Business High School meeting at the Bethel Literary Society next Tuesday night will be a great success.

Dr. Washington advocates good public schools for the colored Americans throughout the country. The Bee wishes to remind the Doctor that the public schools of this city would be all right if he will reappoint Mr. Roscoe C. Bruce head of the Academic Department of Tuskegee. Dr. Washington never gets rid of good and useful material, and for that Mr. Emmett J. Scott is considered an invaluable adjunct at Tuskegee. No five-thousand-dollar job will pull Emmett from Tuskegee.

Miss Nannie H. Burroughs and Mrs. Julia Layton are doing something for true womanhood. Both of these ladies will some day be monument builders to posterity.

It is a bad policy to betray your friends, because there is a day of retribution. Grant always looked out for his friends.

You should not be without The Bee in your home.

There will be lots of improvements made in The Bee next year. There will be an up-to-date printing office connected with The Bee's new plant. Subscribers are requested to pay up at once.

President Taft has decided to appoint a judge of the Police Court who is not opposed to colored Americans or refuse to appoint a colored man because he is colored.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

I was at Belasco's the other afternoon—balcony, third row from the front—and sat behind two of the feminine persuasion, one of whom was a matron and the other a plum (I mean damsel) of uncertain age. From what I could catch of the fragmentary conversation wafted back to me on the music-ladened zephyrs between acts, I suspected that one of them, or some friend of theirs, had been black-balled off the list of a forthcoming dance; that the members of the club to give it had sat in banc on her, and after mature deliberations had ticketed her as belonging to the "earth earthy," and not quite mature for the cream de la cream variety. At any rate, the damsel with damask cheeks and molasses hair said: "The idea of them being social censors, and turning down"——(Here the orchestra's crescendo drowned out the name spoken) "and voting to send"——(Here another crescendo) "an invitation. Why, all you have to do now to get into society is to divorce a couple of husbands, or horsewhip some one, or mulct some man out of money as a balm for an alleged suit, or"—— Just at this juncture the damsel with the damask cheeks and molasses hair turned, and recognizing me in the seat immediately behind her, she colored a deep Cascade Rye red, and lost her vocabulary. Thereafter everything said was in dulcet whispers, and I heard no more of their edifying conversation.

I chuckled to myself, however, and for the ten thousandth time in my life congratulated myself that I had never broke into that charmed though doubtful circle they call "high-fallutin society" with a burglar's jimmy. I am, thanks to my lack of taste in dress, and descendance from an old respectable family, still one of the plain folks.

* * *

And, speaking about society, it has been a sort of Chinese mystery to me how people with doubtful pedigrees and antecedents can assume the roll of social arbiters. There was a time in Washington when brains, culture and character were all that was necessary to open society's doors. But, alas and alack, that day has gone tumbling down the ages of retrospect. A $15 hand-me-down, a thimble full of gray matter, a chessy-cat grin, a saffron-hued past—these pass muster now. I believe it was old Bill Shakespear, the mummified bard of Avon, who once said: "What fools we mortals be."

* * *

"I tell you," remarked a habitue of Benj. Gaskins', while he put his fingers around the glass to keep it from overflowing with the snake-root gin he was pouring out of a Gordon bottle, "he's the best general-purpose judge around here." With that, he gulped down the gin with one swig and refused the water that had been set out by Jackson as a chaser. It turned out they were discussing Judge Terrell, "our Bob," as we used to affectionately call him. Now, talking about Judge Terrell, I never saw a man who combined so much of the urbanity and frivolity, so much of the aristocracy and plebeian characteristics. He did

me a good turn once; in fact, two good turns—spoke to get me a promotion, and indorsed a note for me. You know indorsing notes is the Judge's chief delight. He's been doing it ever since he was old enough to be recognized as a friend of the poor. They say when he has nothing to do he puts in his time drawing up and indorsing notes to be handed out to any one who applies. When the Capital Savings Baik became a moribund stinkfest, Judge had enough notes there he had indorsed to paper the Colliseum of Rome. He had to pay them, though, and though he did, that experience failed to make a sugar-cured Ham of him. Judge Terrell has more friends than any man within the corporate limits, until he comes up for appointment, and then his enemies come out from hiding just like rats leaving a sinking ship. He beats 'em every time, however. Any time the Judge wishes to leave off the ermine, he can get a place to play the "lead" in Bert Williams' new troupe, for he is a near-comedian. He is the most companionable fellow that ever came from Culpeper Court House, and he's a crackerjack Judge, too—best at Center Market. Judge Terrell has helped more two-by-four Negro hasbeens and would-be's than you could add up on an electric adding machine in 'steen years. Outside of the fact that he will indorse notes, will go to the front for every one who appeals to him, will spend his money on sagebrush sycophants, and knows enough law to sit on the bench of the Court of Appeals, and is as square as they make them, he's all right.

* * *

I intimated last week that I would conjugate a few verbs, decline a few nouns and ruminate among a few adjectives in an attempt to soliloquize on Henry Lincoln Johnson, the Georgia cracker, who is specializing as Recorder of Deeds at $4,000 per. He is too recent a bench-warmer for me to get a perfect line on his characteristics and salient points. Like a few other office-holders who blew into Washington on a rain check, I observed he has become imbued with the idea that he must have a personal organ. Many instances have flecked the horizon of Washington that will convince the Georgian that too much encomium won't get a fellow much farther than the parade grounds, and a lot of hog-wash each week bears the earmarks of having becn "personally arranged for." However, I excuse him on the ground that he's new, and, like all green gourds, is a bit soft, and therefore inclined to the infection from the sister disease of infantile paralysis—personal publicity. Henry Lincoln resides somewhere in the Southwest under the personal supervision of Sam Harris, on the Jane Mosely, and as a result little is seen of him in the Northwest, where most of the "dicties" parade. He has been to his office occasionally, the clerks say—even more occasionally than Dancy. Lincoln will never take the place of the deceased E. Berry Wall as a fashion plate. In fact, his only use for clothes is about the same use that Adam had for the fig leaf. This Georgian, whose cognomen is in part the same as that of "Honest Old Abe's," so rumor goes, had a blunt jimmy which he expected to use in breaking into the Department of Justice, but the influence of his sponsor would not stretch that far, so in sheer desperation, his sponsor, remembering that Dancy had held office ever since the 40 days' and 40 nights' flood had subsided, gave orders to Dancy to move off the reservation, which he did with reluctance. The one nightmare that disturbs Lincoln's sweet dreams is Fred Moore's semi-monthly attacks, all of which he stands with uncommendable docility and humility. But this Georgia cracker, who assaults the soft, deputy-guided roll of Recorder is about the best prepared man that ever held that office, white or black. He's a cracking good lawyer, a mighty pleasant fellow to meet, possesses the genuine Southern hospitality (I have had two high-balls at his expense), and as a speaker he can beat the Black Rossius. He is really a speaker, and not a mere declamer. He's a fellow that grows on you, and grows well, too. As the old sentimental song runs, "with all his faults, I love him still."

* * *

For the last three weeks the National Forum has failed to be issued, and the office, they say, is like Goldsmith's deserted village—nothing doing. This is one more journalistic sprout whose demise The Bee has been called upon to announce almost as soon as its head broke through the sod. It looks easy, but running a colored newspaper is no pink-tea affair. It won't be long, I opine, until The Bee announces the funeral arrangements for another of those born of limited means and conceived by personal ambition colored newspapers. In the meantime, The Bee flourishes, and in spite of the fact that it does not have to announce each week that it is "clean" and free from leprosy. But these funeral obsequies are becoming monotonous. The quickness with which colored newspapers in Washington shuffle off the mortal coil causes me to rise and remark: "If so soon done for, why begun for?"

* * *

And speaking about funerals, brings me plumb up against Rev. W. J. Howard, who, outside of furnishing bail-bond, would rather attend a funeral than eat spaghetti. Madame De Sevigne, who hobnobbed around Paris some time between 1626 and 1696, in describing an imposing funeral, wrote: "I was yesterday at a service performed in honor of Chancelor Seguier at the Oratory. Painting, sculpture, music, rhetoric—in a word, the four liberal arts—were at the expense of it. Nothing could exceed the beauty of its decorations; they were fully imagined and designed by Le Brun." I have sometimes thought that Rev. Howard was present at that funeral in another body, and that that accounts for his regular attendance at funerals that mark the ushering into cahotic eternity of every embalmed bit of humanity. Rev. "Billy," as some affectionately call him, is one of the historical and interesting sights that conductors of sight-seeing automobiles call out, megaphonically, to vistors who ride in them. He has been preaching at one church, and attending funerals by way of diversion, ever since Hector was a pup. He always has something nice to say over the remains of the filius populi whose funeral he attends. And if the particular corpse over which he orates happened to have been bailed out of prison by him at some time, and promptly paid the rate of interest, this hustling pastor sends him to some paradise in a monoplane without further ado. I was talking to Rev. Billy one Sunday morning, at his church (and when it happened that the collection was mighty small), and in discussing the race question, he said: "Carnegie (of course, that's not my real name), if we don't raise up these alley niggers they'll pull us all down." Somehow or another that bit of philosophy has stuck in my ears like a bunch of medicated cotton. And I want to tell you, Rev. Howard has done a heap in his life to raise up alley denizens. He's busy all the time among them. Why, I have known him to almost fail to get to court in time to go on the bond of some fillet of beef in his efforts to raise up some ugly sinner from down on the Swanee River. Rev. Howard has four methods of raising up fillets of Ham. One is to preach to them every Sunday with all the force of Paul of Tarsus about Heaven and that place beneath us they culturedly call hades. Another method is to bail them out of vermin-infected station houses for any old crime, from petty larceny to handbook-making, for so much on the side. Another is to send them to his son-in-law George for legal advice at so much per, and another is to send them to his son, Dr. Will, for pills, lotions and nostrums at the market price plus. But he's doing a great work, and I wish Washington had a few more clean, hustling, public-spirited pastors, high-yellers or coal-blacks, like Rev. W. J. Howard. We'll miss him when he crosses over the river Styx to meet some of those whose funerals he attended, and some of "them who skipped" without paying back the bond he signed. More power to him, and more real bail money for him.

* * *

Next week I will have a few solid nonpareil lines to say about Dr. Sum Wormley, Walter Pinchback, Rev. J. Milton Waldron, and perhaps one or two other luminous orbs that cast a shadow in the empyrian blue. Walter invited me to take a drink with him recently, and I feel grateful to him. I am not a drinker myself, but I do take peculiar delight in having some one pay for a glass of cool lager for me, just so I can stand, abstractly, and blow the foam off the top. I never drink foam.

President Taft's Reference to the Race in His Annual Message.

The President, in his message to Congress Tuesday, made three references to things that are of particular interest to the Negro race, and they are as follows:

Freedmen's Bank.

"I renew my recommendation that the claims of the depositors in the Freedmen's Bank be recognized and paid by the passage of the pending bill on that subject.

Negro Exposition.

"I also renew my recommendation that steps be taken looking to the holding of a Negro exposition in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the issuing by Mr. Lincoln of the emancipation proclamation.

Liberia.

"A disturbance among the native tribes of Liberia in a portion of the Republic during the early part of this year resulted in the sending, under the treaty of 1862, of an American vessel of war to the disaffected district and the Liberian authorities, assisted by the good offices of the American naval officers, were able to restore order. The negotiations which have been undertaken for the amelioration of the condition found in Liberia by the American Commission, whose report I transmitted to Congress on March 25 last, are being brought to conclusion, and it is thought that within a short time practical measures of relief may be put into effect through the good offices of this government and the cordial co-operation of other governments interested in Liberia's welfare."

Get your drugs, medicines and toilet articles at the Board & McGuire Pharmacy 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. "The place where everybody meets everybody else."

Mrs. Bertha Johnston, of Harrisburg, Pa., is a guest of Mrs. W. J. Singleton, 1814 13th street northwest.

After having been confined to her room for several weeks, the friends of Miss Rebecca Norton, of 29 Defrees street northwest, are glad to see her up and out again.

Mrs. Henrietta Bowman, who has been out of the city two years, has returned.

Mr. Arthur Jacobs, of this city, is visiting her grandmother on Crosswicks street, Bordentown, N. J.

Race post cards and colored dolls at Gray and Gray's Drug Store, 12th and U streets northwest.

Dr. Eugene Howley, of this city, is spending several days in Jersey City.

Mrs. R. W. Tyler is visiting her mother and relatives in Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Maggie L. Walker, of Richmond, Va., R. W. G. Secretary and Treasurer of the I. O. of St. Luke, was a visitor to our city last week, and was the principal speaker at the St. Luke mass meeting on the evening of Dec. 2.

Mrs. Sarah Ferguson Smith, of Jersey City, N. J., has been the guest of her mother and relatives in this city for two weeks. She will return to Jersey City in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Herring, of Baltimore, Md., are spending the winter here.

No need to take calomel or any other poisonous mineral drug when you can get **Liveroids** to do the work safer, better and more satisfactorily. For sale at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ 14th St. N. W., or sent anywhere by mail for only 25c a box.

Mr. Benjamin S. Smith, of this city, visited Baltimore a few days ago.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy, of 559 Laurens street, and daughter Clementine, of Baltimore, Md., spent Wednesday of last week in this city.

Mr. Giles B. Jackson, of Richmond, Va., was in our city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rutherford, Dr. R. W. Brown and Miss M. H. Hawkins are attending the triennial meeting of the Golden Cross Society of America at Lynchburg, Va.

Miss Clara Saddler, of Philadelphia, Pa., had a very pleasant visit to this city during the recent holidays.

Mrs. Vanison L. Richards and children, of Philadelphia, Pa., visited relatives in this city during Thanksgiving week.

After the 5 and 10 cent theatre, between the acts, and at all hours, ice cream soda is now all the rage, especially that snappy, cold, pure, delicious kind that is served at the drug store of Board & &McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. It is made right, served right, tastes right, and is right.

Misses Alfreda Kenney and Janie B. Cole were royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Chichester, of 1829 Catherine street, during their visit to Philadelphia.

Miss Rita Wright, of Elmira, N. Y., is spending some time in this city.

Mr. Harry Lyles, of this city, is visiting his parents in Hagerstown, Md.

Mrs. Antonette Makel, who spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gray, in Hagerstown, Md., has returned home, accompanied by her mother, who will probably spend the winter here.

Mrs. Saunder, of this city, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Carter, of Balm street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Clarence Cameron White was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Lewis E. Clark, of 2321 North Carolina avenue, during his stay in Indianapolis, Ind., last week.

Mr. J. Culbert Campbell and Miss Lillian Ramsey were quietly married Thanksgiving Day. They have received many congratulations from their friends.

Liveroids is the newest and best vegetable preparation for torpid liver, constipation, boils and pimples, due to impure blood. For sale at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ 14th St. N. W.

The Chrysalis Octette is the new club, composed of Misses Lula Howard, Willard Hall, Adele Parks, Evelyn Moss, Lillian Evans, Mirian Wormley, Pearlie Lewis and Imogene Clarkson.

Mr. Frank De Van, clerk in the Office of the Auditor for the Navy, has gone to Texas on a visit to his parents. Mr. De Van anticipates visiting points in Mexico.

The Chrysanthemum Club of Berean Church gave a reception at True Reformers' Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 2, which was largely attended.

Mr. Theodore Shorter, of Chicago, is visiting his mother and family in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Tolliver are entertaining Miss G. Smallwood, of this city, during her stay in Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't forget **Liveroids** when you feel the need of a real good liver regulator and tonic. For sale at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ 14th St. N. W.

For reliable prescription work, go to Gray and Gray's Drug Store, 12th and U streets northwest, and have the protection of four registered pharmacists and free delivery service to all parts of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hill, of Macon, Ga., are in this city. Mr. Hill has come here for treatment in Freedmen's Hospital.

Lieut. R. E. S. Toomy has been quite ill with an ulcerated sore throat.

Mr. M. Judson Malvin, who met with a severe accident some time ago which resulted in spraining his leg and who has been confined to his home for several weeks, is improving, and hopes to be out soon.

Attorney Thomas L. Jones has been suffering with severe attack of rheumatism. He has not been incapacitated to the extent of keeping him from the practice of his profession.

Mr. A. W. Harris, of Petersburg, Va., was in the city Tuesday on important political business.

Gray and Gray's Pharmacy, 12th and U streets northwest, is recommended to those seeking a complete stock, low prices and courteous, expert service. Four registered pharmacists regularly employed.

Dr. James E. Shepard, of Durham, N. C., passed through the city Tuesday en route for New York City.

Dr. Booker T. Washington passed through the city last week for the West. He will return on the 12th to attend the meeting of the Year Fund Committee.

The Howard University Law School never was in a better condition than it is to-day under the efficient secretary, Mr. James F. Bundy.

Miss Ore Brooks of 1842 11th street northwest, has been confined to her residence the past week with a severe cold. Her grandmother, Mrs. Catharine Everett, has also been confined to her residence and under the care of a physician.

Our old and genial friend, Richard Peters, of the Postoffice Department, is lying dangerously ill at his residence on Tenth street northwest, we regret to announce.

Monday, Dec. 12, will be Census Night at the Fourth Annual Bazaar of the Colored Y. W. C. A., to be held at the new home, 429 T street northwest. On this evening the Entertainment Committee wishes to receive and entertain all the young ladies of the Census Bureau. We sincerely hope that all who possibly can will be present.

Rev. Richard C. Richardson, husband of Madame M. J. Richardson, is quite ill at his home, 2310 F street northwest.

Mr. John T. Howe, of 1514 New Jersey avenue northwest, left for Wilmington, N. C., on business. He will return in a few days.

Y. W. C. A.

On last Tuesday evening the new home of the Colored Y. W. C. A. at 429 T street northwest was the scene of a very enjoyable housewarming. The entertainment was arranged by Mrs. Bertha G. Collins, who is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Y. W. C. A. The evening was most enjoyably spent, and the whole affair was very creditable to the Committee. During the evening refreshments were served, and the following musical program was rendered:

Mr. Hodge, vocal solo.
Miss L. Howard, piano solo.
Miss Dean, vocal solo.
Miss Alexander, vocal solo.
Miss Williamson, piano solo.
Miss Green, piano solo.

This is the first of a series of entertainments to be given at the Y. W. C. A. Home by the Entertainment Committee.

West Washington News.

The Epworth League of Mt. Zion M. E. Church celebrated Harvest Day on Sunday, Nov. 27, 1910, which was very interesting to the large gathering present. As a part of the service, eight young ladies, bearing sheaves of wheat, entered the main auditorium, singing "Bringing in the sheaves," accompanied by the members of the League, each having fruit or vegetables, which were afterwards distributed to the poor members of the church. More than three bushels of provisions were received. Miss H. H. Beason is the President of the League. Miss M. G. White was the presiding officer. Rev. D. W. Hayes, pastor.

Mr. Tolliver Terrell, of Rosslyn, Va., who died last Saturday, was buried Tuesday afternoon from the First Baptist Church, Rev. E. E. Ricks officiating. Interment Baptist Cemetery.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church was largely attended Sunday evening, and a very interesting program was rendered. Miss Bessie Nash presided.

Revival at Miles Memorial Church.

A revival of much importance is in progress at Miles Memorial Church, of which Dr. L. E. B. Rosser is pastor. Rev. Charles R. Denkins, the noted and gifted preached from North Carolina, is in charge and preaching great sermons at each service. He will preach two special sermons that will be of great benefit to the public, and to which all are invited to attend. The first one, Monday afternoon, to **women only**, will be delivered at 3 p. m. Girls under 15 years of age must not come. At 8 p. m. he will talk to **men only**. Invitations are being sent to the men of all churches and societies and non-church members to attend the same. He is working hard to save Washington. His motto is "Washington for Christ." The music is most charming as well as the preaching.

JOINT PARENTS' MEETING AT M STREET HIGH SCHOOL CROWDED.

Judge DeLacy Speaker—Prof. Montgomery's Timely Address—Interesting Exercises.

One of the most distinguished and appreciative audiences that ever assembled was in the M Street High School last Thursday evening. It was a parents' meeting under the auspices of the Benjamin Bannaker, Frederick Douglass, Alfred Jones and Abby Simmons schools. It was an occasion long to be remembered. Every available space in the building was taken.

Dr. W. S. Montgomery is the supervisor of this school division of these schools, who has the respect and confidence not only of the teachers, but of the parents in the entire city. His opening address to the large audience outlined the work in the several schools, and the wish of the schools to be closer to the parents.

The meeting was inaugurated by the four principals, Mr. J. C. Payn, Dr. D. I. Renfro, Miss E. A. Chase and Miss L. G. Arnold, who are responsible for this meeting. Such meetings as these are not only helpful to the schools, but to the parents of the children. This accounts for the popularity of Dr. Montgomery. He is in close touch with the parents and the people.

The first speaker introduced was Judge W. H. DeLacy, of the Juvenile Court, who is always a welcome visitor wherever he goes. His address was full of good advice and wholesome thoughts. He advised the parents to be in closer touch with the teachers and to teach the children good morals. His address was applauded throughout its delivery. He was followed by Assistant Superintendent Bruce.

The program of exercises was as follows:

Invocation—Rev. M. W. Clair.
Solo—Selected, Miss Virginia Williams.
Address—Judge W. H. DeLacy, Juvenile Court, D. C.
Chorus—Selected, Amphion Glee Club.
Address—Dr. C. A. Tignor, Medical Inspector of Schools.
Chorus—Selected, Amphion Glee Club.
Benediction—Rev. Sylvester Corrothers.
Dr. W. S. Montgomery, Presiding Officer.

Galbraith Church Anniversary.

The 58th anniversary of the Galbraith A. M. E. Zion Church closed last night. In many respects the effort excelled all previous records. The classes raised the following amount:

Class No.		
1.	Osborn Lee, leader	$59.70
2.	Albert Sprague, leader	174.10
3.	Edward Wells, leader	174.39
4.	Jacob Fenderson, leader	130.43
5.	C. H. Lively, leader	247.16
6.	W. H. Graham, leader	326.25
7.	Charles Neal, leader	115.25
8.	Benj. Williams, leader	126.25
9.	Thomas Hawkins, leader	90.00
10.	Mary Shaw, leader	36.55
11.	John Lane, leader	1.50
	Public	242.35
	Grand total	$1,723.93

For the next three Sundays an effort will be made to raise $300, in order to make the grand total $2,000. Every department of the church is in splendid condition and all contributed to the success of the general movement.

Sunday morning at 11 o'clock the Rev. Dr. Thompson, presiding elder of the Alexandria district of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will preach from Galbraith pulpit. Sunday evening at 8 p. m. the pastor will deliver the anniversary sermon to the Household of Ruth.

Trustees of Fairmount.

At a gathering of the Heights Public School Thursday evening, Dec. 1, 1910, the progress of the trustees and teachers was submitted, and it was decided that a more lively interest in the school work be created. Mr. Louis F. Litz, of Capital Heights, addressed the meeting, his subject being the "Benefits of education," after which a vote of thanks was tendered him for his timely remarks. Mr. R. A. Tilghman also addressed the meeting, after which presented resolutions favoring the school. Sergt. F. Coleman, Messrs. R. S. Nichols, C. H. Fonville, R. D. Mullier, A. B. Mullier, R. W. Coleman and others also spoke.

Those present were Messrs. R. S. Nichols, James F. Armstrong, H. A. Pearson, R. A. Tilghman, W. H. Addison, F. M. West, C. H. Fonville, L. F. Litz, R. W. Gilliam, J. T. Slater, Ben. Harris, Sergt. Frank Coleman, Misses Griffin, Brown and Gardner and Mrs. J. F. Armstrong.

Mrs. W. H. Addison was named chairman of a committee of ladies to do some special community work in behalf of the school. James F. Armstrong, R. S. Nichols and H. A. Pearson, school trustees, were appointed to canvas the community in interest of the school.

C. H. MIDDLETON DEAD.

Navy Employe, a Founder of Y. M. C. A., Expires as Result of Fall.

Charles H. Middleton, 86 years old, an employe of the Navy Department, died the other day at Casualty Hospital as a result of injuries received in a fall down a flight of steps at the Home Life Insurance Building, Fifth and G streets northwest, Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Middleton was connected with the Ordnance Department of the Navy Department, which he had served continuously since 1855. He was a native of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was one of the founders of the Y. M. C. A.

Deceased taught school in this city a number of years before the late rebellion. He was at that period one of the most influential citizens, and was contemporary with the Rev. John F. Cook, Prof. James T. Fleete, John T. Johnson and Edward Ambush, who also taught successfully day schools for colored youth.

MRS. FAIRFAX AT FREEDMEN'S HOSPITAL.

Patient Doing Well.

Dr. Samuel Gray, of Martinsburg, W. Va., accompanied Mrs. Mildred Fairfax to this city, who is now in the Freedmen's Hospital, and was operated on Monday morning by Drs. Gray and Warfield. Mrs. Fairfax is doing well. Her mother and husband are also in the city, stopping with Mrs. Clark, 1223 T street northwest, and Dr. Gray is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lee, 1203 T street northwest.

Joining the Navy.

The second edition of "Joining the Navy, or Abroad with Uncle Sam," by Mr. John H. Paynter, will be issued from the press of the Sudwarth Printing Company, Washington, D. C., about December 10, 1910.

This edition carries several new features which materially improve the general make-up of the volume without in any way detracting from or altering the original text.

A "Foreword," by Prof. W. E. DuBois, in his characteristic style, enhances the intrinsic worth of the edition.

Persons desiring to order for holiday presentation should do so at once.

The book will be delivered postage free, upon receipt of $1.00.

Address John H. Paynter, 701 51st St. N. E.

Ford Dabney's.

One of the most popular theaters in the city is Ford Dabney's, 9th and U streets northwest. Everybody meets their friends at this popular theater. Ford Dabney's songs have become popular. Mr. Hamilton, the genial manager, is still sick, but it is hoped that he will soon be himself again. Don't fail to go to Ford Dabney's.

Ford Dabney's Theatre
9th and You Sts., N. W.
FIRST CLASS AND POLITE VAUDEVILLE
THE THEATRE THE PEOPLE ATTEND
New Pictures Every Evening and Special Attractions
Ford Dadney NINTH AND YOU STS. NORTHWEST

Fourth Annual Bazaar.
The Fourth Annual Bazaar of the Colored Young Women's Christian Association will open Dec. 12, and continue until Saturday, Dec. 17, at its new home, 429 T street northwest. The program for the six evenings is attractive. Admission to the bazaar is only 10 cents.

BURNSTINE LOAN OFFICE
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, GUNS, MECHANICAL TOOLS LADIES' AND GENTS' WEARING APPAREL.
OLD GOLD AND SILVER BOUGHT.
UNREDEEMED PLEDGES FOR SALE.
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Loans made on Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Etc.
If you want to buy a good watch, diamond ring, or jewelry of any kind, look at our stock first. You!
Why pay 10 per cent. when you can get it for 3 per cent.
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Butter, Eggs, Cheese
Tea and Coffee
All orders Promptly attended to
V. DAY SHREVE, Mgr.
220 9th Street, Northwest

HOWARD THEATRE
T st. near 7th, N. W.
The Theatre for the People
Week of Dec. 12
MATINEES: TUESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY
NIGHT: CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES FROM 7 to 10:30
VAUDEVILLE
—AND—
Motion Pictures
All Seats
10 Cents
This week only
WEEK OF DEC. 19—THE AMERICAN MINSTRELS

The Family Quality House
CHRISTIAN XANDER'S
Unrivaled Assortment of
Christmas Beverages
325 direct imported and domestic wines and distillates
Suiting all purses
—The stock of this establishment, dedicated to the Family trade enjoys national fame of being the foremost of its class. Its goods have been models of purity and quality for over 45 years. Absolute guarantee for excellence. Moderate wholesale prices. Greatest advantages for buying.
909 Seventh Street, N. W. Phone Main 274
No Branch Houses

Annual Christmas Announcement
E. VOIGT

E. VOIGT, Manufacturing Jeweler, 725 Seventh Street N. W., between G and H. Established 1880. Telephone Main 2435.

Now that we are on the threshold of Christmas, it means a good deal to trade with a firm in which you have the utmost confidence.

It will pay you to visit our store. We have satisfied thousands of customers—we can satisfy you.

Our new line of jewelry, diamonds, watches, clocks, silverware, cut glass, etc., surpasses anything we have heretofore shown.

Why not call and make your selections, and leave us lay them away for you and deliver at the proper time. Prompt delivery means a whole lot, especially at the busy season of Christmas.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER—Watches—We mention here but a few of our specials: Gentlemen's 20-year Gold-filled American stem winders and setters, $10. Ladies' 20-year Gold-filled stem winders and setters, $10. Gentlemen's 14-k Solid Gold American stem winders and setters, as cheap as $25. Children's Solid Silver Watches, pin attachment, $3.50; regular price, $4.50. Ladies' Solid Gold Watches, open face, $8.00. Boys' Solid Silver Watches, $5.00 up.

DIAMONDS.—Nothing more pleasing for a Christmas offering than a diamond. We have Ladies' diamond rings, $5.00 to $150.00. Ladies' diamond broaches, $5.50 to $1,000.00. Diamond ear rings, $15.00 to $500.00. Diamond scarf pins, $7.00 up. Diamond cuff buttons, $7.00 up. Diamond studs, $10.00 up. We have Ladies' handsome diamond rings, set in Tiffany mounting, which we are selling at $25.00. This will make an appropriate present for Christmas. Every stone a ball of fire.

WEDDING RINGS.—We have been manufacturers of Wedding Rings for 30 years. All sizes and styles in stock. We would suggest the Tiffany plain ring. The latest style.

JAMES A. WHITE
216 9th St. Northwest
Oysters and Clams Shucked Every Minute in the Day
Oysters by the Pint Quart or Gallon
Try Our Select Oysters
OYSTERS BY THE WHOLESALE OR RETAIL
DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE CITY
JAMES A. WHITE, PROP.

THE ONLY VICTIMS.

An Amusing Adventure In the Surf on the West Coast of Africa Told by a Traveler.

West Africa is known to all navigators for its few harbors and its heavy surf, which at certain seasons rages like a battle, defying the white man who would approach its shores. The author of "The Jungle Folk of Africa," Mr. R. H. Milligan, tells of a successful, and to the observers an amusing, effort to reach shore at a point where the surf did not seem to be impossible.

One day when the beach seemed much better than usual the captain and the ship's surgeon ventured ashore. The captain afterward narrated the adventure of their landing to a small but enthusiastic audience. He said that after waiting outside the surf half an hour the headman suddenly gave the order, and in a moment they were in the breakers, riding on the top of one of them and speeding toward the shore at the rate of "seventy miles an hour."

The captain was in the bottom of the boat, well braced and cushioned. But when the boat struck the beach with the force of a railway collision the doctor was thrown violently over two thwarts into the captain's bosom, whom he clasped about the neck with a steel-like grip.

The next moment another breaker picked the boat up and hurled it upon the beach, throwing both captain and doctor to a perfectly safe distance, where they sprawled upon the sand. The doctor, still hugging the captain's neck and very much frightened, exclaimed:

"Oh, captain, dear captain, is there anybody killed but you and me?"

BRAVE SOLDIERS.

Sacrificed Their Lives In an Attempt to Save the Colors.

In days gone by the Zulus were the boldest fighters among all the natives of South Africa, and it was not until they had been defeated in several battles that they would live in peace with white people.

In 1878 15,000 of the Zulus attacked and killed a regiment of British soldiers, and a most heroic deed was the attempt made by three British soldiers to save the two flags, or colors, belonging to the regiment.

When it was seen that the Zulus were so many that there was no hope of keeping them at bay the colonel of the British regiment called to a young officer whose name was Lieutenant Melvill and said, "You will take charge of the colors, Melvill, and try to get away from here."

The lieutenant saluted and took into his hands the two colors of his regiment. Then, with another officer and a soldier, all mounted on horses, he suddenly dashed away with his precious burden.

They were at once seen by the keen sighted Zulus, however, and after a long chase the three gallant Englishmen, fighting to the last, were killed by the enemy.

Some time afterward one of the flags was found near a rocky stream, where the heroes had fought and died, and it was taken to England and presented to Queen Victoria.

And in memory of the three brave soldiers who had died while defending it the queeen placed a wreath of immortelles on the staff which held the flag.—London Mail.

Paganini's Cab.

On awakening one morning at his hotel in Vienna, Paganini, the celebrated violinist, was informed that the cabman whom the previous evening he had employed to drive him to the concert hall where he was playing was waiting to see him. On being admitted to his presence the man, after having advanced poverty and a large family as an excuse for the request that he was about to make, prayed the great musician to make his fortune. "What do you mean?" demanded Paganini. "Authorize me to write in large letters on the back of my vehicle these two words, 'Paganini's Cab,'" was the answer. Consent was given, with altogether satisfactory results.

Matrimonial Repartee.

She (in stern and rockbound accents)—You married me for better or worse, didn't you, Edgar?

He—Er—um—yes, I suppose so, my love.

She—Then what are you complaining about? I'm no worse than the average married woman, I can assure you!

He (meekly)—Well, if that is the case, all I've got to say is I'm mighty glad—

She (breaking in)—Glad?

He—Yes. Glad I'm not a polygamist. Er—um—looks a trifle squally over to the northeast, doesn't it, Miranda?—New York Times.

Lincoln on Money.

"Lincoln," said a senator at a banquet in Washington, "had no great admiration for mere financial success.

"'Financial success,' Lincoln once said, 'is purely metallic. The man who attains it has four metallic attributes—gold in his palm, silver on his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart.'"

Diplomacy.

"Why do you insist on underrating the kind of golf you play?"

"Because," answered the wise official, "there is no use of making a whole lot of people jealous and antagonistic over a little thing like golf."—Exchange.

The Decisive Battles.

Some married men will contend that "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" will never be complete until a few domestic scraps are added to the volume.—London Telegraph.

Officially Ignored.

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter.

The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were in mourning and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape.

"How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him.

"I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other.

"How did this wreck happen?"

"I haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't! Who are you, anyhow?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."—Chicago Tribune.

The Musical Gamut.

Guido, a monk of Arezzo, in Tuscany, in 1009 A. D. was the inventor of the gamma "ut," or gamut, and the six notes "ut," "re," "mi," "fa," "sol," "la." These syllables were taken from the first three verses of the hymn of St. John the Baptist, "Ut queant laxis," etc. Without the use of the gamut a person could not in a little time become perfect master of plain song. Guido says, in a letter which he wrote, "I hope they who come after us will not forget to pray for us, for we make a perfect master of singing in a year or two, whereas till now a person could scarce attain this science, even imperfectly, in ten years." The gamut is the first note, but oftener taken as signifying the whole scale of music or series of sounds, rising or falling toward acuteness or gravity from any given pitch or tone.

The Last Straw.

An Atchison man has been married five years, and three times a day for five years, or, to be exact, 5,475 times, he has stepped to the dresser to brush his hair and has had to tip the mirror back to get a look in. While dressing for an evening out, his wife would keep the mirror seesawing back and forth, she pulling it out to see how her clothes hung in the back and the man pushing it back to adjust his tie and comb his hair, etc. Finally, in desperation, he bought a chiffonier for his own use, but one evening he went home grouchy and found his chiffonier turned around and the mirror tipped forward; his wife was using them both. This was too much, and, grabbing his heavily mounted military brushes, he slammed one at each mirror, muttered a swear word and disappeared.—Atchison Globe.

The Conjurer Confesses.

That "the hand is quicker than the eye" is one of those accepted sayings invented by some one who knew nothing of conjuring, or, as is more likely, by some cunning conjurer who aimed still further to hoodwink a gullible public. The fact is that the best conjurer seldom makes a rapid motion, for that attracts attention, even though it be not understood. The true artist in this line is deliberate in every movement, and it is mainly by his actions that he leads his audience to look not where they ought, but in an entirely different direction. Mr. David Devant, who for a number of consecutive years has entertained London with his ingenious tricks, has said: "The conjurer must be an actor. By the expression of his face, by his gestures, by the tone of his voice—in short, by his acting—he must produce his effects."—St. Nicholas.

How Houses Become Haunted.

Nothing is easier than for a house to acquire the reputation of being haunted, even in the absence of uncanny manifestations. Dickens shows us the children of the street clustering round the keyhole of the Old Curiosity Shop to look for "the ghost" within a few hours of Quilp's removal of the goods and the desertion of the house. And a correspondent used to live in a house near the center of a provincial town one room of which was believed by some to be haunted solely because the iron shutter that closed its window on the street side was never raised. The simple explanation was that this window was bricked up behind the shutter to secure privacy for the ground floor room in question—a drawing room lighted from the garden, on the other side.—London Chronicle.

What They Lacked.

There is a certain naval officer of the United States who is very much opposed to the use of profanity by the officers under his command. Indeed, he has been known severely to reprimand in private officers on his ships heard to address their men in profane terms.

The following story is told concerning this admiral's command of a squadron engaged in target maneuvers in Magdalena bay, Lower California. The commanding officer observed one day that the men of his ship, the flagship, seemed to lag behind the crews of the other vessels of the squadron, being the last to finish the execution of a command or to carry out a maneuver. He mentioned this fact to his captain. Just as the latter was about to reply there came floating over the water from the vessel standing by the flagship a volley of oaths, the result of which was that there was some pretty hustling on the part of the men addressed.

Glancing at his superior officer with a smile, the captain replied:

"That's it, sir. You see, sir, my men don't get enough encouragement like that."—Harper's Weekly.

Lost His Nerve.

Many years ago a blacksmith near York, England, successfully performed the delicate operation of removing a cataract from an eye on several of his fellow villagers, says the London Chronicle. The fact became known to a doctor in the neighborhood, who so admired the blacksmith's skill that he provided the means for his education as an oculist. To the blacksmith the removal of the cataract was no more than a mechanical feat, but when he became acquainted with the structure of the human eye and its amazing delicacy he was so overpowered by the rashness of what he had done in ignorance that he lost his nerve, and with the fear of knowledge he insisted on returning to his anvil.

An Undesirable Audience of One.

In a series of incidents of adverture told in the Wide World Magazine perhaps the most extraordinary is a story from Natal, wherein a lady describes how on a Christmas eve she went into a tiny church to practice a Christmas voluntary when she found a huge python, attracted by the music, standing close behind her, coil upon coil. To make matters worse, she was locked in, and her only safety was to continue playing and so charm the creature. Eventually the lady's brother returned and unlocked the church door. A little dog that ran in attracted the fatal attentions of the python, while his mistress escaped. The python was shot.

"A Poor Poet."

One afternoon Browning went to call on Lady Kinloch and missed his way. A lady was standing on her doorstep, and he asked her to direct him to the house. She could not tell him, but offered to look it up for him in the directory and took him into the house, produced a directory, and together they found out what he wanted to know, and then she came out to the doorstep again so that she could point out to him the direction he had to take. He thanked her, went down the steps, hesitated and then turned and came back to her, saying: "Perhaps you may like to know to whom you have been so kind. I am a poor poet, and my name is Robert Browning."—Westminster Gazette.

A Kindred Feeling.

Justice Harlan of the supreme court was on circuit in West Virginia some years ago, when there was tried before him a case in which principal counsel was a lawyer whose head was quite devoid of hair. The day was cold and damp and the room in which the sitting was had was badly heated. It was not long before counsel had begun his argument that he said:

"Your honor, I must pause long enough to request that the window opposite be closed more tightly. I feel the draft on my head."

"The court sympathizes with you," solemnly assented Mr. Harlan. "The court has the same kind of a head."—New York World.

Ample Reason.

During the trial of a man who had made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide a lawyer had badgered the witnesses to an exasperating degree and evidently intended to pursue the same course with a meek appearing little Irishman who next took the stand.

"You say you talked with the accused an hour after his attempt?" the lawyer demanded.

"Oi did," was the direct reply.

"And did he give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?"

"He did, an' it was a good reason."

"Well, and what reason did he give?"

"Sure, an' he said he wanted to kill himself," Pat answered, and for a moment even his honor could not control his laughter.—Harper's Weekly.

Lost Articles Department.

Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder, after an inspection of the storeroom, "where have those splendid red apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say, but I'm thinkin' if you was to find where my loaf o' hot gingerbread is likely thim four red apples would be lyin' right on top of it, an' I'm only hopin' his little stummick can stand the shtrain."—Youth's Companion.

Hannah More's Wedding Day.

The celibacy of Hannah More, the English writer, which gave her so much time to bend the powers of her mind to the interests of humanity, has always been a subject of surprise and discussion. A writer relates this circumstance: "She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off gayly to the church where the ceremony was to be performed, only to find that the lover was not there. 'The laggard comes late,' thought the attendants. They miscalculated. He came not at all. A horseman rode up to the church door and handed a letter to Miss More. With melancholy apologies the faithless swain told her that he could not 'take the responsibility' of making her his bride. At the same time he offered any pecuniary remuneration in his power.

"Whether the lady fainted or only pouted is not mentioned, but her relatives followed the business up with such promptness and spirit that the 'dastard in love' made a settlement upon the slighted lady of $400 a year for life."—Exchange.

A Rank Outsider.

The fashionable wedding presented a festive scene. Beautiful girls in gorgeous gowns were everywhere. The bride stood proudly beneath a canopy of choice exotics, beaming in her loveliness.

"Isn't she just too sweet?" gurgled an elderly matron. "But who do you suppose is the man who is always at her side?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," replied another matron. Then, as a brilliant idea struck her, she remarked, "Oh, I guess it's only the bridegroom!"—Exchange.

Crushed the Critic.

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticise.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—ah"—

"Too prosy, I suppose," suggested the minister.

"Oh, no, not that, but too long."

"But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."—London Scraps.

To Make a Man Act Like a Fool.

A man was considered a general ignoramus by the concern for which he formerly worked. He came into our employ when we were obliged to take him on account of the scarcity of labor. It was not long, however, before he discovered that the firm appreciated suggestions. He proved a genius in his line, and his ideas were worth a good many dollars to us. I asked him one day why he did not present some of these ideas to his former employers, and his reply makes the point.

"They treated me like a fool," said he, "so I acted like one."—System.

Well Named.

He arrived late and worn out at the twentieth hotel, after wandering nearly all around London to find accommodations, and was delighted to learn that actually the place was not full up. Next morning, however, he complained of the bed, and the landlord stiffly said that a duke had once slept in it. "Perhaps it was the Duke of Wellington," said the visitor, with a sneer. "Perhaps it was," returned the landlord. "No wonder they called him the 'Iron Duke,'" retorted the visitor.—London News.

A Careless Boston Burglar.

A Boston burglar at midnight stealthily climbed a heavily carpeted stairway, a dim candle in hand, when the voice of the unseen mistress above called, "Who is there?" Abstractedly the intruder answered, "It's me," and then all was still. At this crucial moment that Boston burglar, suddenly overcome by the consciousness of one of the worst breaks of his life, lost heart, turned wearily about, descended to the basement, deliberately ate a small piece of cold chicken and sauntered away in deepest dejection from the back door.—Boston Herald.

Hang Your Hat on a Lead Pencil.

Take a smooth hexagon lead pencil, one without either rubber or metal end, and place it against a door or window casing. Then with a firm, heavy pressure slide the pencil some three or four inches, and it will stay as if glued to the casing. You may now hang your hat on the end of the pencil. When you slide the pencil along the casing do it without any apparent effort, and it will appear to your audience as though you had hypnotized it. This is a very neat trick if performed right.—Popular Mechanics.

Dog Spooks.

The phantom dog specter was one of the hardiest of old English superstitions. Almost every county had its black dog which haunted its lonely spots and was the dread of every native. Most of them were regarded as devils, but some were held to be the spirits of human beings, transformed thus as a punishment. Lady Howard, a Devon notable of the days of James I., for instance, was said to be compelled to haunt Okehampton in the form of a dog as a punishment for her cruelty to her daughter.—London Chronicle.

Oxygen and Mushrooms.

One of the government experts attached to the department of agriculture describes a singular way of removing oxygen from the air by the aid of a plant. Inside a glass bell jar, suspended over water, is placed a mushroom, and sunlight is allowed to fall on the plant. The mushroom absorbs the oxygen from the air in the jar, and the carbonic acid formed during the process is absorbed by the water, which gradually rises in the jar to one-fifth of its height. The mushroom now dries up, but its animation is only suspended, as may be proved by introducing beside it a green plant, when it will again begin to vegetate, being nourished by the oxygen exhaled from the fresh plant.—Pittsburg Post.

Fine Finish.

The man who writes thrilling melodramas rushed into the manager's office in a state of great excitement.

"I've got it!" he shouted triumphantly. "I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked the surprised manager.

"Why, the sensation of the year. In the third act of my new play there is a mill scene. Harold Headlight, the hero, casts the villain down into the yawning jaws of two great emery wheels."

The manager grinned.

"Emery wheels!" he chuckled. "Then, I suppose, he has a fine finish?"

"Yes, very fine. In fact, he comes out a polished villain."—Chicago News.

Auto-matic Complaints.

"I am all around tired," sighed the weary auto wheel.

"And I am worn out," moaned the shabby cloak, sinking on the seat.

"I'm just played out," complained the tooting horn.

"That's nothing. I have that all gone, empty feeling," said the gasoline tank.

But just then all were put into the garage and shut up.—Baltimore American.

Sarcastic.

A young woman in London tendered the cabby the exact fare of a shilling at the end of a journey.

"Half a moment, miss," said the driver. "Are you married?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because," was the rejoinder, "when you do marry, whoever gets you will have a treasure. You makes a bob go farther than any gal I know."

Small Quarters For Moses.

Donald is fond of Bible stories. His auntie was relating to him the story of Moses in the basket of bulrushes, when he earnestly inquired:

"Did he ever grow to be a man?"

"Yes," he was told.

"A great big man?"

"Yes."

Donald remarked incredulously, "Well, I'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' busted the basket."—Delineator.

Wretched Man.

See the sorrowful man. The man has every reason to look pleasant. His home is a happy one, his business is successful, his children are good looking and well behaved, he has health and credit to burn and money in the bank, yet he looks as gloomy as a dyspeptic atheist. The day has come when he must give his desk its annual cleaning out.—Newark News.

Necessity Past.

Congress had been asked would it please do something for the Delaware.

"Delaware?" repeated the members, with a puzzled air. "What's that?"

"It's a river that Washington once crossed," explained an advanced representative of the people.

"Well, he got across all right, didn't he?" responded the inquirers. "What's the use of improving the river now?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Hole in Glass.

A hole may be cut or etched through glass readily by using hydrofluoric acid, says Machinery. The acid should be applied in the same way as etching acid, using wax to surround the portion of glass which is to be penetrated. Hydrofluoric acid is sold in wax bottles, as it cannot be kept in glass. It may be handled with a hard rubber dropper similar in construction to the ordinary glass medicine droppers.

A Pretty Kettle of Fish.

When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension.

"I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. "I'm sure I have caught it from you."

"What are you so scared about?" asked the patient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."—Harper's Weekly.

The Last Chance.

An Italian gravedigger after digging a certain grave put in a bill that was exorbitant. When complaint of the overcharge was made to him he said:

"Well, the corpse and I had a row five years ago over a cart I sold him, and I could never make him pay me what he owed. So, seeing this was my last chance, I thought I'd better take it."

Took It Out on the Boy.

"What, you want a dollar for spending money?" exclaimed Mr. Tytes. "Look here, young man, when I was a boy of your age my father never gave me a dollar to spend foolishly. I was taught to consider myself lucky if I got a nickel."

"Well," protested Bobby, "you don't need to jump on me about it. Tell your troubles to grandpa."—Cleveland Leader.

No Help Needed.

Visitor—I say, old boy, you are the most absurdly infatuated husband I ever saw in my life, considering how long you've been married. You praise every dish your wife makes, and yet her cooking is abominable.

Host—Sh! Don't speak so loud. I know her cooking is bad, but if I say a word she gets discouraged and sends for her mother.

Official Corporal Punishment.

The Geratsche Zeitung in a recent issue reproduced a "royal decree" issued by the Grand Duke Heinrich XX. at Gratz, in December, 1844, to show that corporal punishment was practiced "officially" at that time. The document calls attention to the fact that "from sunset until midnight boys disturbed the peace" and ordered a special patrol to arrest all such offenders, "take them to the lockup and before a magistrate, and if found guilty to punish them with twenty blows, and that these be administered by two corporals with sticks."

How Tommy Found It.

Tom Jackson said one morning at breakfast:

"Hang it all! While I was weeding I dropped my Imperial Order of the Roosters pin on the lawn, and I've been looking for it now over half an hour. It's gone for good, I suppose."

That night when Jackson sat down to dinner there was his pin beside his plate.

"Bully for you!" said he. "Where did you find it, Martha?"

"I let Tommy go barefooted this afternoon," said Mrs. Jackson quietly.

"Yep, woman is certainly do cause of me bein' dis way. If me wife hadn't lost her job, I'd had a home right now."—New Orleans Picayune.

Hewitt—Lend me a dollar, old man.
Jewett—I never lend money.
Hewitt—Give me a dollar, then.—New York Press.

Farmer—What are you doing in my apple tree?
Thief—Excuse me. I just fell off a balloon.—Fliegende Blatter.

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, judge, and he can drink like a fish."—Harper's Weekly.

"That man has done some mighty good things."

"Yes; I was one of them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Teacher—Spring flowers bring forth what, Tommie?

Tommie—Umbrellas, ma'am!—Yonkers Statesman.

A woman can thrill as deeply over her preparations for housecleaning as a man getting ready to go fishing.—New York Press.

Judge—Is that your real name? Prisoner (who has been up before)—No, yer honor it's my "pen" name.—Harvard Lampoon.

Missionary—May I ask what course you intend to take with me?

Cannibal King—The regular one. You'll follow the fish.

Witness—I saw a man with one eye named Wilkins.

Lawyer—What was the name of the other eye?

Russian battle songs are written in minor keys, and instead of being brilliantly martial are sad, telling of the soldier's fate.

The population of the earth at the time of Emperor Augustus was estimated at 54,000,000. It is now estimated to be about 1,585,000,000.

The horsepower of an engine can be found by the following rule: Square the diameter of the cylinder and divide by two.

Grasshoppers have neither lungs nor gills, but air enters breathing pores and is conveyed by tubes to all parts of the body.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No, sir," answered the boy "the pain's in me."

Sadie—Say, honest now, do you like Maggie? Pauline—Well, she's got a good heart, an' she means real well, but"— Sadie—Neither do I.—Exchange.

Waiter—Be careful of the soup, gentlemen. It is so hot that it has scalded both my thumbs.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Moonshine has been found to have a marked effect on stammering. People so afflicted stammer most at the full of the moon.—London Scraps.

"Cool as a cucumber" is correct scientifically, for that vegetable usually has a temperature a degree less than the surrounding atmosphere.

There are at least 214 groups of signs used in Chinese, each group containing from 5 to 1,354 separate characters.

By a remarkable law of royal etiquette which has existed for a number of years at the court of Siam no person is permitted to sleep in an apartment situated above that occupied by the king. A deliberate breach of this rule has on more than one occasion been punished by death.

While auntie arranged the pantry shelves her little niece handled the spice boxes and called each spice by name. Presently she said, "Auntie, I can read." "Can you, dear?" answered auntie. "Yes, auntie," came the reply, "but I don't read like you do. I read by the smell."—Delineator.

The great editor carefully read the aspiring contributor's joke, then, looking up from the copy, inquired:

"Where's the other?"

"Other? Why, there isn't any other."

"Um! I thought that Noah took two of every kind into the ark."—New York Times.

A Sunday school teacher told his pupils at the end of his lesson that he would give them a summary. A little boy asked:

"What is a summary, please?"

"A summary is an abbreviated synopsis of anything," was the lucid answer.—Exchange.

From the oldest known coin, bearing inscription 1200 B. C., to the latest products of the mint, the dates, emblems and inscriptions form a continuous history, corroborating and correcting written history, and give us the only likenesses we have of some of the great men of ancient times.

There is a man in London who is a bit absentminded, but his politeness never fails him. He went to church last Sunday, and when the minister said "Let us pray" he responded in tones audible throughout the building, "Certainly, by all means."—London Tit-Bits.

Little Elmer accompanied his mother to church and on the way had been cautioned to keep very quiet during service. But Elmer became restless and said in an audible whisper, "Mamma, when we get home can I go out in the back yard and holler just once?"—Exchange.

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OBEYED THE DOCTOR.

Did His Best In Keeping a Watch Upon the Patient, but He Practiced Substitution.

The late Dr. Drummond, the habitant poet, once related an amusing anecdote indicative of the simplicity of the rural French Canadian.

He was summering in Megantic county, Que., when, early one evening, he was visited by a young farmer named Ovide Leblanc.

"Bon soir, docteur," said Ovide by way of greeting. "Ma brudder Moise, heem ver' seeck. You come on d'house for see heem, doc?"

Drummond, always kind hearted and obliging, complied with the request of Ovide and found the unfortunate Moise suffering from what he diagnosed as a fairly severe case of typhoid.

"Wishing to provide Moise with some medicine," said the doctor-poet, "I asked Ovide to accompany me back to the village. The prescription compounded, I proceeded to instruct Ovide. The dose was to be administered every three hours during the night, and, trying to be as brief, plain and explicit as possible, I said: 'Be sure and keep watch on Moise tonight and give him a teaspoonful of this at 9 o'clock, 12 o'clock and at 3 and 6 in the morning. Come and see me about 9 o'clock in the morning.'"

Ovide understood and departed. The following morning he again presented himelf, and Drummond asked: "How's Moise? Did you do as I told you?"

"Ma brudder Moise, I t'ink he some better dan las' night," replied Ovide. "I give heem de medecine, but I doan have no watch in d'house, doc. I tak d'leetle clock—d'one what mak d'beeg deesturb for get up. I keep eet on hees ches' all night. T'ink eet do heem good dat, jus' lak d'watch. W'at you t'ink, doc?"—Harper's Weekly.

THE QUEEN BEE.

Her Household Service the Most Perfect In the World.

"We must go to the bee for the real solution of the servant question," said a housewife. "The queen bee's service is the most perfect in the world. Why, she even has servants who digest her food for her.

"The queen bee is so entirely occupied in egg laying—she lays 2,500 eggs, twice her own weight, daily—that all other things must be done for her.

"And so a corps of servants makes her toilet. This corps all day long cleans and brushes and polishes her person. It is as though her life were passed divinely in a beautiful parlor.

"Another corps of servants has charge of the air she breathes. The air must be the purest, that her eggs may be the finest. So, standing in a circle about her, fanning with their wings, these bees make a living ventilating system.

"Her most important servants are perhaps her feeders. Their training may be said to begin before birth, since they must be born, from specially molded eggs, with glands in their heads for the reception of bee milk, the chosen predigested food of the queen. The feeders stand always at attention, presenting, like a brimming cup, their head glands, swollen with predigested food, to the queen bee, busy at her task of laying a dozen eggs a minute."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The English Three R's.

We are constantly being misunderstood by the foreigners, says Clarence Rook, and the Frenchman of whom the following story is told contrived to do us something less than justice.

He had been on a visit to this country in order to study at first hand the social manners of the English people.

On returning to his native land he was asked by a friend whether he had discovered the meaning of the mysterious "three R's."

"Oh, I found out what they were on the first day of my visit!" said he.

"And what are they, then?"

"Rippin', rotten and right-o!" replied the triumphant Frenchman.—London Mail.

Had Them Tested.

The loss and recovery of a $6,500 pearl necklace recall the story of a similar experience which a New York woman had after the last Old Guard ball. She also missed her necklace when she arrived at her home, and the next day it was brought to her by a woman who had shared her carriage on her way home. Handing the necklace to her friend, the finder said: "So glad I found it. We always thought they were real."—New York Tribune.

JUDGING A CIGAR.

The Only Real Way to Find Its Quality Is to Smoke It—Smelling It Is Useless.

On no point is the average smoker so ill informed as that of judging a cigar. Nine times out of ten, upon being handed a cigar, he will hold it to his nose, unlighted, sniff at the wrapper with a critical air and deliver his verdict in a self satisfied manner. This characteristic maneuver is always a source of amusement to any tobacco man who happens to observe it. There is only one way to ascertain the quality of a cigar, and that is to smoke it. No expert will pass judgment on a cigar until he has lighted it and smoked it well down toward the middle. The first and most important point upon which he bases his opinion is the "burn." Tobacco may have every other virtue, but if it does not hold the fire and burn evenly it is poor tobacco. Next in order of importance comes the aroma—the smoke must have a pleasing "smell;" next comes the flavor—the smoke must be smooth and not "scratchy" or bitter. Then there is the color—rich brown, indicating a ripe leaf, well cured—and last is workmanship—good if the wrapper is put on smoothly and the "bunch" is made so that the cigar "draws" freely and is neither too hard nor too spongy, bad if the reverse.—Bohemian Magazine.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

These Things Read Like Legends, but Are Matters of Fact.

A peasant girl called half witted did promise to defeat the victors of Agincourt and did it; it ought to be a legend, but it happens to be a fact. A poet and a poetess did fall in love and eloped secretly to a sunny clime; it is obviously a three volume novel, but it happened. Nelson did die in the act of winning the one battle that could change the world; it is a grossly improbable coincidence, but it is too late to alter it now. Napoleon did win the battle of Austerlitz; it is unnatural, but it is not my fault. When the general who had surrendered a republican town returned, saying easily, "I have done everything," Robespierre did ask, with an air of inquiry, "Are you dead?" When Robespierre coughed in his cold harangue Garnier did say, "The blood of Danton chokes you." Strafford did say of his own desertion of parliament, "If I do it may my life and death be set on a hill for all men to wonder at." Disraeli did say, "The time will come when you shall hear me."

The heroic is a fact, even when it is a fact of coincidence or of miracle, and a fact is a thing which can be admitted without being explained.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

No Drums In the Middle Ages.

As we come to the middle ages, when the nations of modern Europe were struggling into existence, we find that at first the drum was not used at all. So, although melody had been known and practiced for many centuries, rhythm had been quite forgotten, for what there is left to us of the music of the middle ages contains no bars, and we know that it was slowly and monotonously chanted, without the least accent.

In the eleventh century, however, things began to improve, more particularly as the crusaders brought into Europe all sorts of percussion instruments from the east. Various kinds of drums, tambourines and cymbals were then seen in Europe for the first time since the days of savages, and they have been used, with very little change, ever since.—St. Nicholas.

An Epistolary Hint.

In the letter from Boston was a special delivery stamp.

"What did she send that for?" the woman wondered. "The information she wants can be sent in an ordinary letter. It won't need to be sent special."

"That stamp," said the man, "is a delicate hint to be quick about answering. It is a hurry up device used by many men. It is very effective. A two cent stamp does not always spur one on to any special effort, but a special delivery stamp means that the writer wants what he wants when he wants it, and the most dilatory correspondent alive is not going to let any grass grow between the scratches of his pen when answering."—New York Press.

Mantle Rays.

"There are X rays and X rays, and there are also rays from those mantle things that you put on gas burners to improve the light." The speaker, a photographer, pointed to a batch of fogged plates. "I know to my cost that there are mantle rays," said he. "For a month I stored new plates in a closet along with a mantle, and all of them got fogged. The mantle, you see, contained thorium, a radio-active substance that penetrates a cardboard plate box as easily as it penetrates glass. I didn't know that till my doctor told me so last week. My ignorance cost me over a hundred plates."—New York Press.

Shunted.

Editor—Is this your first effort?

Budding Poet—Yes, sir. Is it worth anything to you?

Editor (with emotion)—It's worth a guinea if you will promise not to write anything more for publication until after this has been printed. I want your entire output, you understand.

Budding Poet—I promise that, all right. When will it be printed?

Editor—Never while I'm alive.—London Telegraph.

A kindness done to the good is never lost.—Plautus.

THE CONSULTATION.

What Her Sister Heard When She Listened to the Doctors—It Was Not Expected.

One of two sisters who lived together was suddenly taken with a lung attack she feared was serious, says the London Telegraph. She therefore sent for a specialist and asked her doctor to meet him. Talking over his coming with her sister, she said: "Mona, I wish I could know Sir Henry B.'s real opinion. Neither he nor Dr. M. will tell us if there is anything really wrong, but I would much rather know."

Her sister replied: "Do not worry, dearest. You shall know everything, for I will go down to the dining room and stand behind the big oak screen and listen to every word they say."

"And will you be sure to tell me, Mona?"

"You may rely on me, dearest. I will tell you every word."

"Even if I am not to get well?"

"Even then, dearest," promised the loyal Mona.

The hour for the consultation arrived, and the sister went to the dining room and, standing behind the great oak screen, ensconced herself and prepared to listen.

By and by the two doctors were heard descending the stairs, and a moment later they came into the room. Walking over to the fireplace, the specialist sank into an easy chair and the local doctor sank into another. Then followed a moment's silence, broken by the specialist, who leaned a little forward.

"My dear M.," he said slowly as he looked across at his colleague, "of all the ugly women that's the very ugliest woman I've ever seen in my life."

"Is she?" replied the local doctor. "You wait until you've seen her sister."

MAMMOTH MINERS.

The Experts Who Prospect and Dig For Prehistoric Creatures.

Mammoth miners are experts who know where to prospect for mammoths and how to dig them out, even as the mining engineer knows where to prospect for silver and how to extract it.

In the west, in Alaska and in Siberia mammoth miners are always at work. They are always unearthing creatures that died 100,000 years ago.

Siberia was the mammoth's true home. Siberia 100,000 years ago was one luxuriant forest. Here the fur covered beasts, with their ten foot trunks and their fifteen foot stature, swarmed. Then an earthquake removed a barrier range between Siberia and the Arctic ocean, and those low lying forests were inundated. All their animal and vegetable life was killed.

The first of the drowned Siberian mammoths was found in 1799 by an Eskimo villager on the banks of the Lena. It was imbedded in a vast cake of ice. The villagers melted the ice, they feasted on the 100,000-year-old flesh, and then they sold the tusks.

Only the bones remained when Zlotover of the Petersburg Imperial museum reached that outlandish village after a journey of 7,500 miles. He took the bones back to the museum, where you may see them mounted today. He bought the tusks from the ivory traders and fixed them on the skeleton, and the book he wrote about his find is still a text book among the mammoth miners of our day.

Safeguarding Crime.

It is inexplicable how those pessimistic carpers who are accustomed to hit all the minor chords with the loud pedal on can fail to see all about them the unmistakable signs of progress and the reddening dawn of a new day in the social yeast. And especially is this true in matters pertaining to crime. There is no doubt that the general standards of crime have been immeasurably raised of late. Nowadays a man can do almost anything and get away with it, provided he can arouse the sympathy of the special lady writers and pay the experts. Ah, brothers, who can say that all this does not make for the general uplift? How can we hope to realize the better things of life until crime has been made perfectly safe?—Life.

Sea Air.

At a meeting of the French Therapeutical society M. Laumonier showed that the therapeutic effect of sea air on the coast is quite different from that of the open sea—i. e., twenty or thirty miles out. On the coast the effect tends toward excitement and congestion and, moreover, is irregular in its action. Out at sea it is tonic and regulating, and in addition the patient gets quiet, a regular life and a continuous bath of pure air. These advantages are not so patent on board great liners on account of the vibration and the smell from the engines, but on a sailing ship they are evident.

Chinese Idea of Government.

Here is a Chinese idea of prosperity in a nation: When the sword is rusty, the plow bright, the prisons empty, the granaries full, the steps of the temple worn down and those of the law courts grass grown, when doctors go afoot, the bakers on horseback and the men of letters drive in their own carriages, then the empire is well governed.

Getting Ready For Him.

"Dearest, what did your father say when you told him I loved you?"

"He didn't say anything, Harold; simply went over to the gymnasium and arranged for a course of boxing lessons."—Pittsburg Press.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—Emerson.

WANTED THEM SAVED.

Lincoln Stuck to His Selection of a Hospital Chaplain Despite Religious Views.

The nomination of a Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia, a Universalist, for the position of chaplain for the hospital was not met with favor on all sides, and a delegation of protestants went to Washington to see President Lincoln on the subject. The following interview was the result:

"We have called, Mr. President, to confer with you regarding the appointment of Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia as hospital chaplain."

"Oh, yes," replied the president. "I have sent his name to the senate, and he will no doubt be confirmed at an early date."

One of the young men replied, "We have not come to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination."

"Ah," said Lincoln, "that alters the case. But on what grounds do you wish the nomination withdrawn?"

The answer was, "Mr. Shrigley is not sound in his theological opinions."

The president inquired, "On what questions is the gentleman unsound?"

"He does not believe in endless punishment. Not only so, sir, but he believes that even the rebels themselves will be finally saved," was the reply.

"Is that so?" inquired the president.

The members of the committee responded, "Yes, sir."

"Well, gentlemen, if that is so and there is any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then, for God's sake and their sakes, let the man be appointed."

Mr. Shrigley was appointed and served until the end of the war.—Boston Post.

THE GREAT BOMBARDMENT.

A Constant Rain of Missiles Upon the World's Atmosphere.

The regions of space beyond our planet are filled with flying fragments. Some meet the earth in its onward rush; others, having attained inconceivable velocity, overtake and crash into the whirling sphere with loud detonation and ominous glare, finding destruction in its molecular armor or perhaps ricochetting from it again into the unknown. Some come singly, vagrant fragments from the infinity of space; others fall in showers, like golden rain, all constituting a bombardment appalling in its magnitude.

It has been estimated that every twenty-four hours the earth or its atmosphere is struck by 400,000,000 missiles of iron or stone, ranging from an ounce up to tons in weight. Every month there rush upon the flying globe at least 12,000,000,000 iron and stone fragments, which, with lurid accompaniment, crash into the circumambient atmosphere.

Owing to the resistance offered by the air few of these solid shots strike the earth. They move out of space with a possible velocity of thirty or forty miles per second and, like moths, plunge into the revolving globe, lured to their destruction by its fatal attraction. The moment they enter our atmosphere they ignite, and the air is piled up and compressed ahead of them with inconceivable force, the resultant friction producing an immediate rise in temperature, and the shooting star, the meteor of popular parlance, is the result.

A Subtle Hint.

A representative in congress, who is the father of several bright girls, tells a story whereof one daughter is the main figure.

"For a long time," says the representative, "I had the bad habit of hanging about the lower floor when the girls had men callers. One evening I had settled in an easy chair in the reception room just off the drawing room when one of my girls, who was talking to a bright chap from our own state, called out:

"'Dad!'

"'What is it, daughter?'

"'It's 9 o'clock, the hour when Tom and I usually go into committee.'"—Harper's Weekly.

When an Ostrich Kicks.

"The only safe place in the neighborhood of a kicking ostrich is just behind it," said a zoo keeper. "An ostrich can kick a mule to death, but its kicks are delivered at an angle of 45 degrees. Within those 45 degrees, right abaft the 'pope's nose' of the bird, there is absolute safety. On the ostrich farms of California, when the herds are being driven, you will always see the ostrich boys holding on to the tails of bad kickers. The kickers tear along, and their scaly legs shoot out like piston rods, but the boys in the shelter of the pope's nose are safe."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Condemnation.

"What do you think of members of European aristocracy as sons-in-law?" asked the old time friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "the way their relatives boss them around indicates that they ought to make easy husbands."—Washington Star.

The Idiotic Affair.

Irate Parent—Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young ass, Lord Bilaris? Fair Daughter (very sweetly)—Only you, papa!—Illustrated Bits.

For Good.

It never seems to occur to persons who are getting married that they ought to take each other for good as well as for better or worse.—Philadelphia Record.

The tears of a penitent are the wine of angels.—Bernard.

Pedro Domecq's
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One of the 19 varieties in stock
A dry Spanish Sherry of remarkable quality. $1 full qt. Only at

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The patrons of The Bee will want to know where to purchase the best goods for their money during these hard times. The Bee always publishes a list of the best houses in the city.

Peter Grogan Sons Co., whose large advertisement will be seen on the eighth page, is one of the oldest firms in this city, where the patrons of The Bee may find anything they want in the line of furniture. Now is the time to call and inspect the line of goods in this store. Everything in the furniture line will be found in this store.

House & Hermann is the next place to go if you are in doubt. No better place and no more accommodating clerks can be found.

E. Voigt, 725 Seventh street, is the place to go for all kinds of jewelry. Don't fail to read the list of what he has, and call at once before the rush.

Sellinger's is the next place to go, F. near Ninth street, northwest, if you are in doubt. At either place you will be satisfied.

Fulton, 314 Ninth street northwest, and Burnstine, 361 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, are the places to go to replenish your pockets. They are liberal lenders.

Holtman's, 491 Pennsylvania avenue, is where you must be well shoed before you go on your tramp. The best shoes in the city for ladies and gentlemen.

L. A. Rodnicker, 1551 14th street northwest, should catch your eye. Millie Bell is prepared to put your clothing in fine trim. Call and inspect her parlors.

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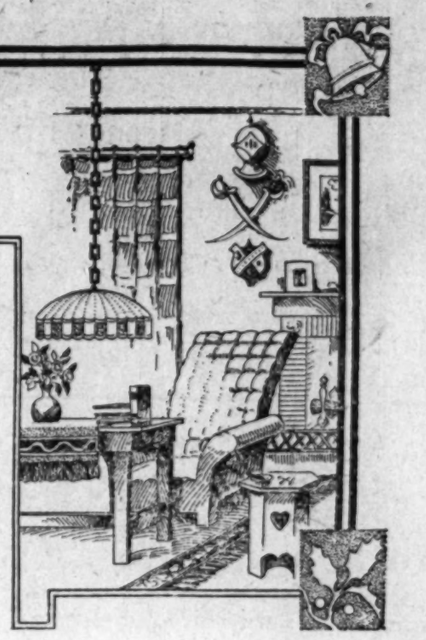
Before calling for the undertaker consult Board & McGuire, Dr. Morse or Gray & Gray. You may not have need for the above if you consult the above druggists in time.



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